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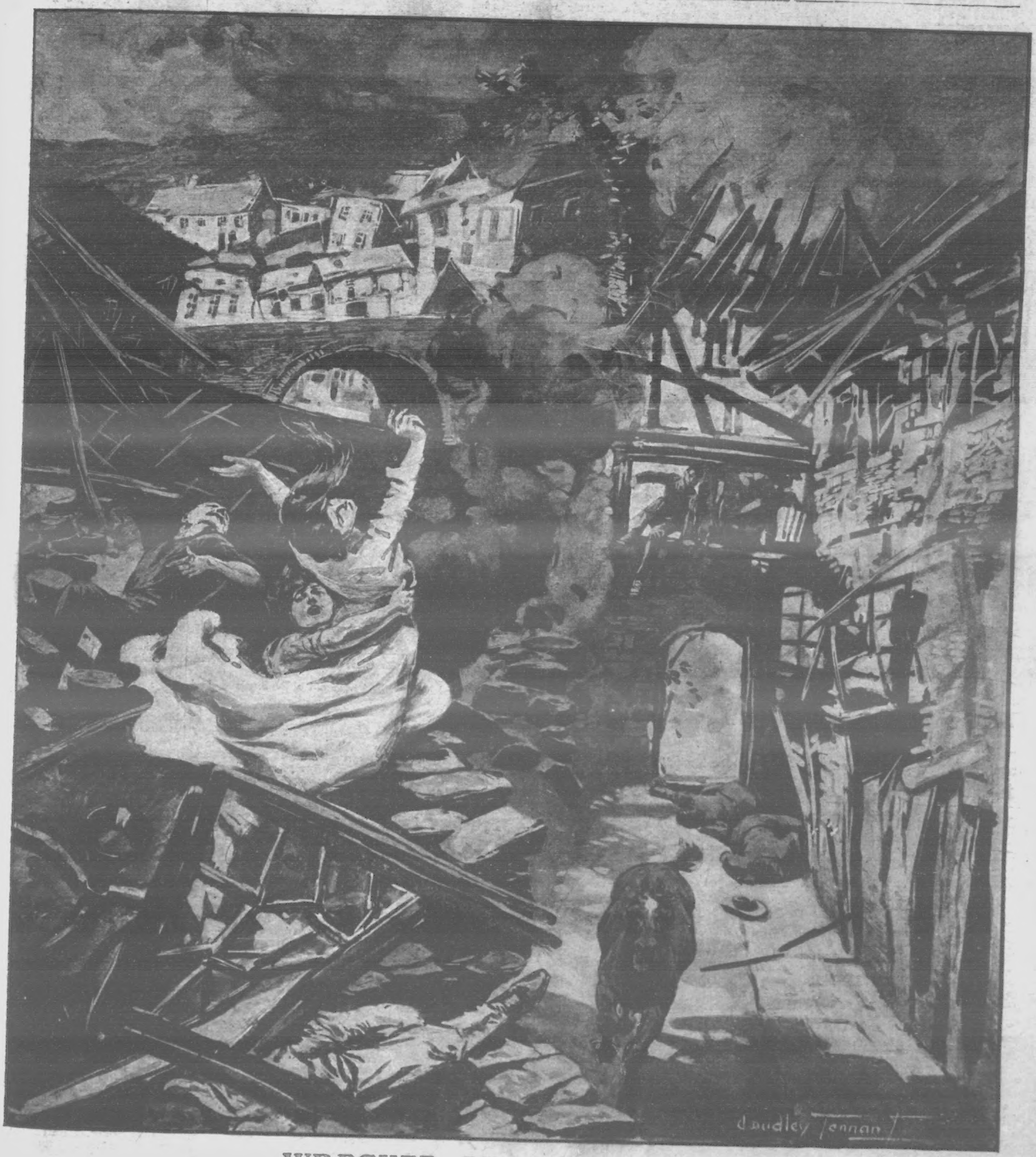

WRECKED BY A TORNADO.

Particulars have been received from Kansas City, Missouri, of a terrible tornado that swept across Marquette last week, when the residents were asleep, cutting a lane 100 yards wide through the entire length of the town, and killing the inhabitants. The Roman Catholic, Swedish, Lutheran, and Methodist churches and the theatre toppled over like houses of cards.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

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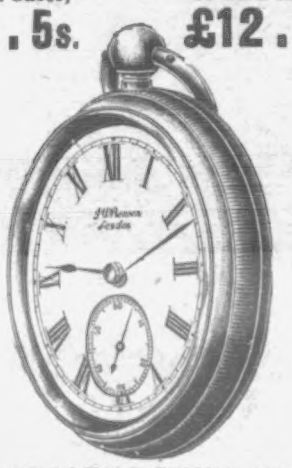

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10/6 Gent's 18-c Gold cased **Chronograph Stop Watch**, jewelled, movement, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty, also 18-c gold-filled double curb **Albert**, seal attached guaranteed 15 years' wear. Three together, sacrifice 10s. 6d., worth £2 2s. Approval before payment.

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Petition 2½ Miles Long.

A petition two and a half miles long, bearing 180,000 signatures, and weighing 1cwt., was presented at the House of Commons, in favour of the Dogs' Protection Bill.

Whisky or Tea?

"At the risk of inviting a salvo of hostile criticism," writes Dr. Andrew Wilson in the *Chronicle*, "I should say the average mortal who takes his whisky and soda (in moderation, of course) is likely to be a healthier mortal than his neighbour who laps tea at all and every hour."

Ancient History.

Two crippled men over seventy years old were arrested for fighting in the Paris streets. They had quarrelled over the favours of a girl whom they had both courted in their youth, and who had been dead for thirty years.

A Soudan War Drum.

The Niam-Niam expedition, which has returned to Khartum, after putting down the revolt in the Bahr-el-Gazal, has brought back a curious trophy, in the shape of the Sultan's great war drum. It is cut out of the trunk of a tree, stands four feet high, and is carved to represent a buffalo.

Collection of "Fag-Ends."

A Lincolnshire man who collects cigar and cigarette ends thrown away by noted men has the end of a cigar smoked by the King on Epsom Racecourse, a half-burnt cigarette dropped by the German Emperor while out shooting, and a blackened briar once used by Mr. Chamberlain.

"Annals of the Poor."

From the unromantic offices of the Strand Guardians comes a little story of human interest. Some years ago a tiny girl became chargeable to the Union, and from the time of her admission to the house until recently she never saw, or heard of, anyone with whom she could claim kindred. The other evening, while giving a recitation during an entertainment at the Poor Law schools, she suddenly stopped, cried "Father!" and broke down in her childish performance. Sitting among the listening paupers, whose ranks he had been compelled to join, was the parent from whom she had so long been parted by poverty.

A New Drink Test.

Several phrases have been used as tests of sobriety. "The British Constitution," "Pope Sixtus the Fifth," and "truly rural." Lord Ranfurly has accidentally hit upon another. Describing the geysers of New Zealand, at the Royal Colonial Institute, he tried the phrase, "issues hissing steam." Although he was perfectly sober, it was only at the third attempt that he succeeded in pronouncing the words accurately, and getting the "h" into its proper position.

Matron, Doctor, and Nurse.

The case of "Livingstone v. Livingstone," was the petition of Mrs. M. E. B. Livingstone, the matron of a hospital, the name of which was not mentioned, and whose parents live in Glasgow, for a divorce on the ground of cruelty and misconduct of her husband, Dr. J. Livingstone, of a private hospital in Barry, Cardiff, with a nurse. The case was adjourned.

The Nobility of Science.

The exchange of compliments between the visiting English doctors and their distinguished brethren in Paris serves to recall an element which the layman is apt to overlook—the absolute unselfishness of the scientist. The great engineer patents his machine and every part which is in it; the inventor in every walk of life does the like. But the man who discovers a process by which he may check an epidemic, eradicate disease, or straighten and strengthen the maimed—he gives his knowledge to the whole world without money and without price. The discoverer of a new form of operation may be the only one of his day capable of performing it, but his secret is a secret not one moment longer than is necessary for himself to master it; the knowledge which the master of medicine or surgery has by long labour acquired is at the disposal of even the humblest country doctor.

Business.

A story about a chemist is given in the *Telegraph*. His night-bell rang loudly in the small hours, and when he went down he was met by a placid man, who asked for a bottle of soda-water. The chemist's feelings were strong, but being there, he resolved to do business. He sold the bottle: "Twopence," said he, "will be allowed on return," and he went back to bed. Two hours later the night-bell rang again. Again the chemist went down. Again he was met by the placid man. "Here's your bottle," said he; "gimme my tuppence."

Miniature Simplon.

An engineering feat has just been accomplished on the Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead Railway, which on a smaller scale recalls the famous boring of the Simplon Tunnel. Between Heath Street, Hampstead, and Golder's Green, a distance of exactly one mile, a tunnel has been in course of construction since the beginning of October, 1903. The boring has been carried on mainly from the north side, but a certain amount was also done from the south. Last week the two double tunnels met at a point about 100 yards north of Heath Street, the deviation being only about three-fourths of an inch.

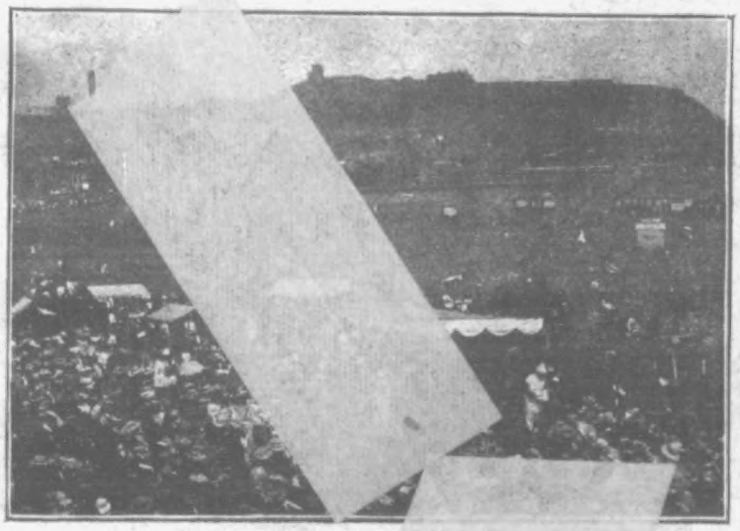
Finger-print Wonders.

The enormous possibilities of the finger-print system are dealt with in an interesting article in this week's *Lancet*. The conviction of the two brothers Stratton in the mask murders case by the aid of the Scotland Yard finger-print system, has shown it to be of the highest importance. "The task of determining the identity or non-identity of a set of finger-prints," the *Lancet* says, "is rendered more easy by the fact that if the patterns of any two corresponding digits be not very apparent there are nine other pairs which are available for comparison. On the average each digit gives about thirty-five points of comparison, so that the mass of evidence afforded by the ten digits is very great, and the factor of personal error is reduced to a minimum. The state of the law on the subject of previous convictions against a prisoner is so highly unsatisfactory and dangerous that to get the unchecked testimony as to identity derived from the impressions of several fingers as a backing to mere memory is a decided advance, but too much stress must not be laid upon the backing. Identification by finger-prints is very valuable, but the identification should be made by properly expert persons."

Lady Warwick, the "Socialist."

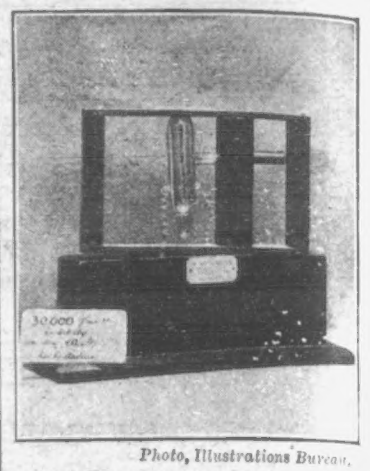
"I am now a proud and convinced member of the Social Democratic Federation." So said the Countess of Warwick towards the end of the Old Year. Nearing the middle of the New, her ladyship grows daily prouder of the initials "S.D.F.," and more convinced of the social creed they summarise, if the world is to judge by her printed and spoken words, says the *Rapid Review*. Socialist, Poor Law Guardian, authoress, instructress of women workers in gardening, dairy work, and bee-keeping, President of the Essex Needlework Guild, reigning beauty, and—Countess! Surely the most miraculous *mondaine* of the hour. Two dozen years ago Miss Francess Maynard married Lord Brooke, the present Earl of Warwick. She was a fine-weather bride; and to add to the gaiety of the occasion, the Court mourning then prevailing was modified to black speckled over with many colours. The present King and Queen were present, and Prince Leopold was "best man." Queen Victoria, hearing of the bride's lovely appearance in her long-trained gown of white satin, asked her later to dine at Windsor in it. After dinner she "commanded" Lady Brooke to "walk about" that she might "see it better." And now this lovely lady has become a Socialist. It is ungallant for the student of human nature to query, with all humility "What next?"

MATRON, DOCTOR, AND NURSE CASE: Special "P.I.P." Sketches at the Law Courts.



PIERROTS' PROFITS: This Pi… gh has been let by the Corporation to a … season, from which fact some idea of the … gained.

Benyon.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

A 30,000-year clock. This clock, which was invented by the Hon. H. G. Strutt and made by Mr. W. Harrison Martindale, of Cavendish Street, London, is worked by radium, and is calculated to go for 30,000 years without stopping.

A Thirty-Thousand-Year Clock.

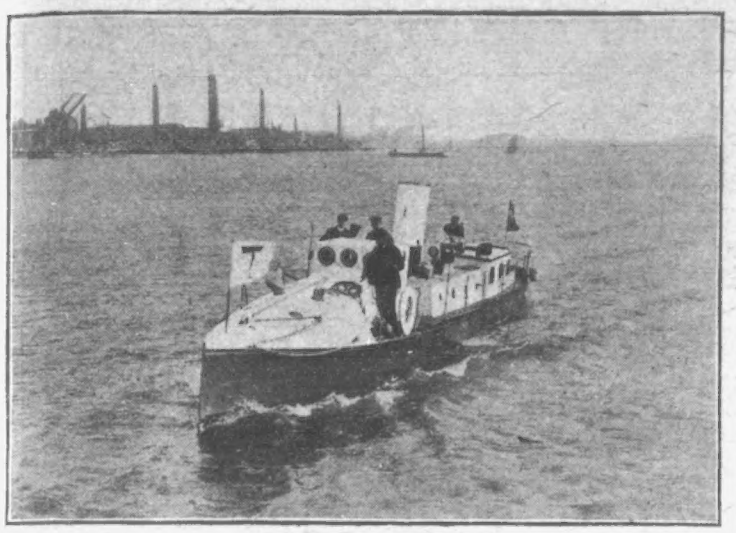
A clock which will go for thirty-thousand years is the latest result of the discovery of radium. The Hon. H. G. Strutt was the inventor of this instrument, which has now been placed on the market by Mr. W. Harrison Martindale, of 10 New Cavendish Street. One-twelfth of a grain of radium is suspended over a small electroscope, consisting of two thin strips of silver. These, being charged with electricity from the radium, move apart, till they touch the sides of the vacuum tube in which they are fixed. There they communicate their charge to an aluminium wire, which rings a bell, and, being discharged, fall together again to repeat the process indefinitely.

Greatest Police Force.

London has more policemen in proportion to its population than any other place in England and Wales. This is the most interesting fact shown in a Blue-book issued last week. The total number of policemen on duty last year in England and Wales, including London, was 43,805. Of these 15,497 were London policemen, 1,001 being employed in the City, and 14,496 in the metropolitan area. Taken in proportion to the population the figures are: City of London.—One policeman to every twenty-seven persons. Metropolitan area.—One policeman to every 459 persons. Provinces.—One policeman to every 743 persons. Even taking individual cities and towns it is impossible to find a place so strongly policed as London. The following places come next to the metropolis in number of police to the population:—Liverpool, one to every 503; Manchester, one to every 540; Cambridge, one to every 590; Birmingham, one to every 637; Windsor, one to every 664; Birkenhead, one to every 744. The total cost of the police force of the country was £5,571,175. Of this amount £2,972,280 was paid out of the local rates, the remainder coming from the National Exchequer. The net cost of each provincial policeman was £93 1s. 3d. per annum, and of each London metropolitan constable £105 16s.; while the net cost of each City of London policeman was £114 4s. The London metropolitan police force has to protect 924,143 inhabited houses, and to do duty in 10,390 miles of streets, so that every 200 houses have the proportion of one constable and a half.

Tree Leaf as Postcard.

Miss Tenney, of Hall Place, Spalding, has just received through the post from New Zealand the leaf of a tree, which was sent without any envelope or protection whatever. This "postcard," with a message on the back, arrived in good condition, thus bearing excellent testimony to the care of the postal authorities.



Photo, Topical.

The MYSTERIOUS TORPEDO BOAT which is causing the Foreign Office so much concern.

Torpedo-Boat Mystery.

A mysterious torpedo-boat, the destination of which is causing the Foreign Office a good deal of concern, is now lying off Messrs. Thornycroft's works at Chiswick, being hurriedly prepared for a sea voyage. The vessel, which is 55ft. long, and which has twin screws, is a novelty in naval construction, for she is the first high-speed torpedo-boat to be fitted with petrol-driven engines. The rapidity with which she has been constructed may be judged from the fact that she was only laid down two months ago. Messrs. Thornycroft received the order for the vessel from a Swedish harbour board, but the Foreign Office are afraid that after she leaves the builders' hands an attempt may be made to run her to a Russian port.

4,000 Officers Short.

The military forces of the Crown are, by the latest computation, 4,000 officers short of the requirements as laid down in the Army and Auxiliary establishments for 1905-6. This serious shortage, combined with the fact that resignations are still as numerous as ever, is causing considerable misgiving in the minds of the authorities, and conferences are now taking place at the War Office under the Director of Staff Duties and other officials, the object of which is to find a remedy for the situation. In spite of the smallness of his pay, the officer is burdened on every hand with expenses for mess band, regimental clubs, servants, and social items. The changes in uniform absorb an abnormal amount of his pay. First it is a new undress, then a new full-dress alteration, a change in headgear or overcoat, a new pattern sword or field service dress. At Sandhurst recently the cadets had changes of headdress involving the possession by each cadet of no fewer than five caps, none of which are of any use after passing to a regiment. The cost of altering cadet kit to regimental pattern involves an outlay of from £20 to £30.

Captain Mahan's Forecast.

In his forecast of the coming campaign between Togo and Rodjestvensky, published in the *Times*, Captain Mahan thinks that Togo is at Kelung, at the north end of Formosa, where he would be in a good position for intercepting the Russians, and would also probably be in wireless communication with Japan. Rodjestvensky, he concludes, will avoid the Formosa Straits, where the Japanese destroyers would have too good a field for action with their port of issue and shelter in the Pescadores Islands, especially as the Russian Fleet could not hope to get through before darkness overtook them. Instead, the fleet will make for the Pacific by the Straits south of Formosa, and will be speedily attacked by Togo, anxious not to let it get within reach of Vladivostock and all the supplies and resources there. The first attack will be made by the Japanese destroyers at night, and this will be followed by a running fight, in which the fast Japanese cruisers will pounce on any isolated battleships. Rodjestvensky, for his part, may make a wide sweep seawards, to tax his enemy's coal endurance. His multiplicity of transports should confuse Togo's destroyers.

Photo, Topical.

A BLUSHING BRIDE OF 96: Mrs. Annie Harvey, who was married at the Penzance Registry Office on May 8 to Francis Russell, aged 86.

Portsmouth Harbour Boom.

Portsmouth Harbour was sealed last week. At dawn 300 bluejackets, two traction-engines, two powerful tugs, and a fleet of dockyard steam-pinnaces set to work to haul across the mouth of the harbour the gigantic boom which in time of war will protect it from the attacks of hostile torpedo-boats. The workers were strenuous, but it was noon before the laying of the boom was completed. It is built of massive balks of timber forty feet long, threaded at intervals of two feet, like the necklace of a giantess, on a stout steel wire hawser. Formidable steel spurs a foot in length are fixed at the ends of each balk, and another band of spikes encircles the middle of each. An involuntary but efficacious trial of their strength was witnessed in the afternoon. A heavy dockyard pinnace was caught by a tide which was running like a mill-race and carried broadside on to the boom. In a moment the spurs were through her side, and held her fast for more than half an hour before two other steam-pinnaces could drag her off. When the boom was in position it was inspected by Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, in whose presence the movable centre, which would admit the passage of a friendly ship, was tested. Then the boom was left in position for an hour or two in order that the authorities might note how it resisted the force of the terrific tide which was running. It stood the strain well, and at four o'clock the order was given to clear the entrance. Although the boom took so long to place in position, it was cleared away in an hour, and at five o'clock the crowd of ships which had gathered outside made their way into the harbour.

North-West Passage.

The *New York American* publishes a telegram from San Francisco stating that news has reached there that Captain Ronald Amendsen's Arctic expedition, which started from Christiania on June 17, 1903, has reached a point in the south of King William's Land. The telegram adds that Captain Amendsen seems sure of completing the North-West passage. The expedition reached the magnetic pole.

Guns and Men.

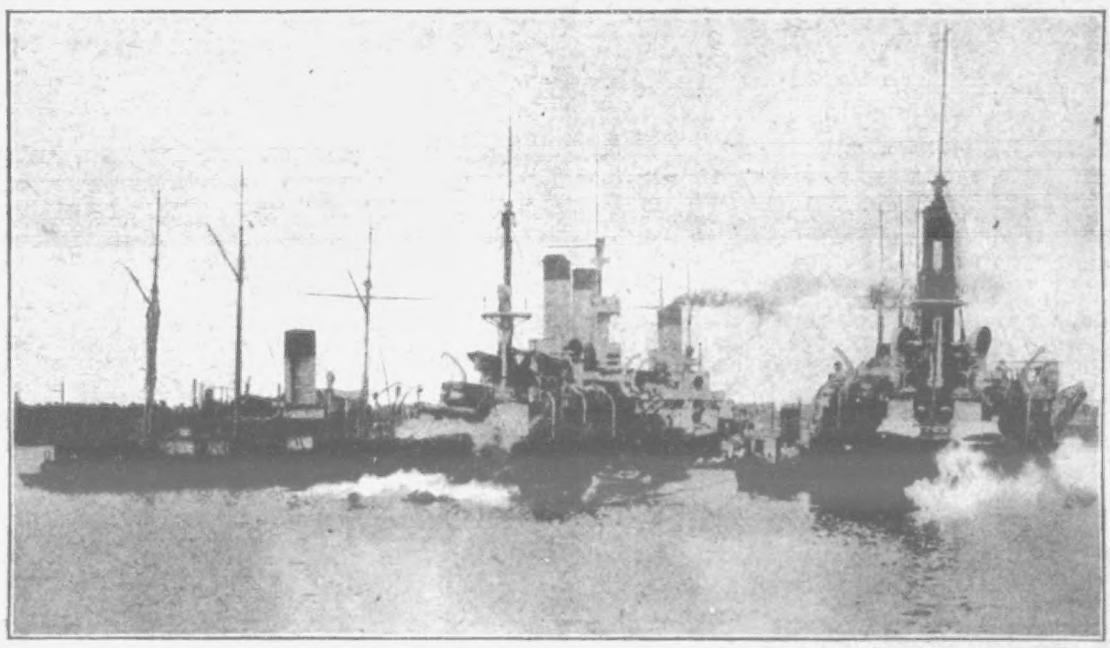
A comparison of the fighting values of the Russian and Japanese fleets is given in the *Temps*. Admiral Rodjestvensky is at the head of a powerful fighting fleet of twenty-three war vessels, who have a displacement of 192,570 tons and are manned by 13,336 men. They are armed with sixty-one very heavy guns, 206 guns of average calibre, and 670 pieces of light artillery. Against this force, the Japanese are able to put into line thirty-one ships of war, which have a displacement of 203,850 tons. They are manned by 15,073 men, and armed with sixty-eight very heavy guns, 313 guns of average calibre, and 492 pieces of light artillery.

Foreign Pilots.

Mr. Charles W. Bell, writing to the *Daily Mail* from Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner, says: "Now that Lord Ellenborough's address at the Royal United Service Institution has drawn public attention to the danger of our fleet being surprised, and to the great risk this country runs in foolishly licensing foreign pilots to act in British waters, it is to be hoped that the Press will keep this matter in view until some laws are passed preventing this childish absurdity. Not many years ago, when yachting in the Channel, I recollect being told by a German admiral, who happened to be on board, that he knew the Thames estuary so well that he would undertake to pilot any fleet up the river, either by day or night, if even all the usual buoys and sailing marks had been removed. As he did not seem to think this statement was anything to be wondered at, I take it that he knew he was not by any means the only German officer who possessed this information."

Japanese Spies Caught.

A despatch from Kunshuling describes the trial by a Russian court-martial of two Japanese spies, Lieut. Kaboyassi and Corporal Kogo, and two Chinese. The lieutenant was ordered to make a *reconnaissance* to ascertain the strength of the Russian forces near Kirin. He dressed himself as a Chinaman, ordered his corporal to do likewise, and engaged a Chinese guide. About twenty versts (thirteen miles) from Kirin their disguise was discovered by a Russian soldier, who lifted the corporal's headdress and revealed the fact that his pigtail was a false one. The lieutenant and corporal and the Chinese guide were condemned to death. The second Chinaman was proved to have been walking by chance close behind the party, and had no connection with them. The others declared he was innocent, and he was released. Lieut. Kaboyassi pleaded that he had merely carried out his superior officer's orders, and asked for pardon. The corporal, at the instigation of the lieutenant, made a similar plea. The two prisoners, who showed much dignity and bore themselves with the consciousness of having done their duty, gained the sympathy of all present. After the sentence the prisoners' request for pardon was forwarded to General Linievich.



Photo, V. Gribayedoff, Paris.

TOGO'S ENEMY: A striking photograph of Admiral Nebogotoff's squadron of the Baltic Fleet, which has succeeded in reaching Admiral Rodjestvensky.

Photo, D. H. Leonard.

Constable Sheahan (of the Dublin Metropolitan Police), who sacrificed his life in bravely attempting to save sewermen's lives in the Dublin sewer-burst.

Brave Constable's Sacrifice.

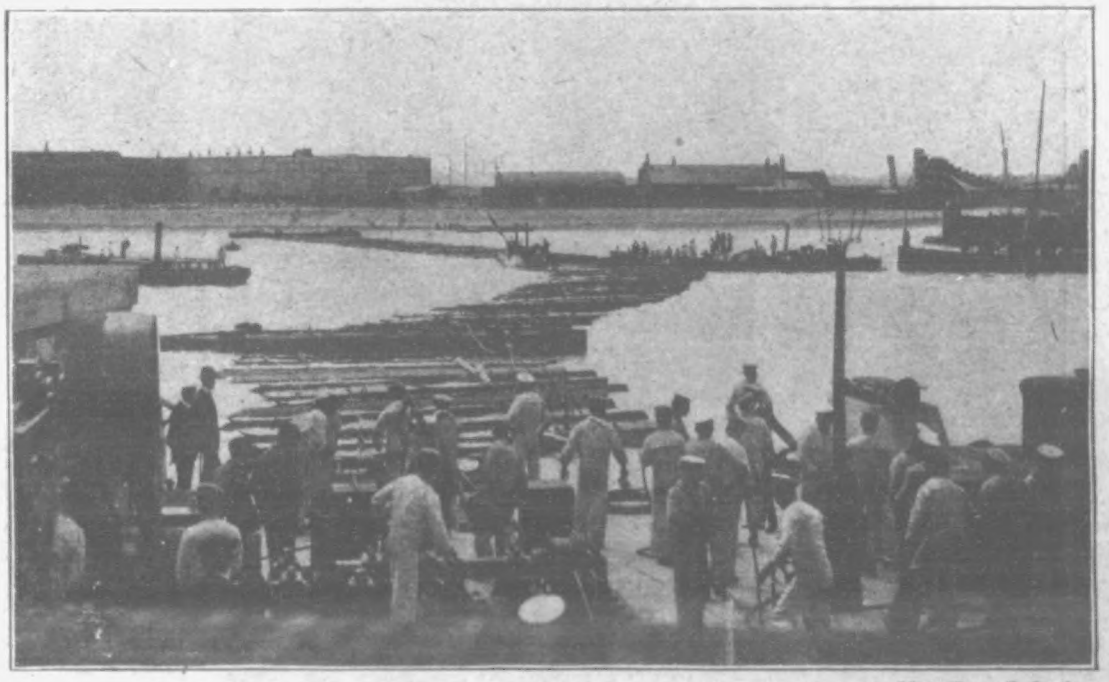
A shocking tragedy, attended by two deaths, and deadly peril to many, occurred in Dublin at the corner of Hawkins Street and Burgh Quay. It was the terrible sequel of a common-place mishap—the bursting of a sewer pipe. A man went down a manhole to investigate the accident, and thus initiated a drama of death and suffering such as has been rarely witnessed in the Irish capital. In quick succession a number of men were overpowered by a gas as loathsome as it was deadly. The victims included Constable Patrick Sheahan (whose portrait we give), a brave policeman participating in the work of rescue, who nobly sacrificed his life in the attempt to save fellow-creatures. This splendid act of pure heroism has—from its circumstances—few parallels. It will be remembered when other acts of self-sacrifice and courage—done under circumstances which made risk a glory and an exhilaration—will be forgotten.

Boat Made of Orange-Boxes.

At Penzance on Saturday the launch took place of a peculiar boat, made of odd pieces of wood, chiefly orange-boxes, the work of a seafaring man of seventy named Ellis, who laid the keel in his back yard. While the craft was being carried down to the water it stuck in a narrow street, and a wall had to be demolished to let it pass. The masons offered to rebuild the wall free of cost. The odd craft, which has no pretensions to shape or design, has been christened "True Love" by the builder, but the residents speak of it as "the Ark."

A Tooth for a Tooth.

Colonel Delmé Radcliffe told a quaint story of paternal affection at the Anthropological Institute recently. He had killed a crocodile in Uganda, and found a number of rings in its stomach. One of the tribe recognised the rings as belonging to his son, who had disappeared a little time before. "He did not show any particular grief," said Colonel Radcliffe, "but simply asked to be allowed to have the crocodile to eat."



Photo, Russell, Southsea.

The Portsmouth Harbour Boom Defence, showing the Government launch which was accidentally caught on it and damaged so severely that it had to be beached to save it from sinking.

Photo, Adrian.

MR. ERNEST DE PASS, of Naphill, and the little negro boy whom he brought back with him from South Africa, and who ran away as the result of a misunderstanding. The little fellow has returned to his friend and master.

Daniel Lambert's Suit for Sale.

At Stamford, a suit of clothes belonging to Daniel Lambert, the celebrated Leicestershire giant, was offered by auction. The suit had been on exhibition for several years at a local hostelry. Lambert, who weighed some 50 stones, paid £20 for the suit. General Tom Thumb, when in England, walked through the arm of the coat. The figure had, at the auction, reached £75, at which the lot was withdrawn.

Testing Volunteers.

If Mr. Arnold-Forster's present intentions with regard to the Volunteers are carried out, this year is likely to be a trying one for the force. Those Volunteers who do not emerge satisfactorily from the trainings and drills of this year will cease to be Volunteers after October. Reports on the physical fitness of every Volunteer are to be sent by the medical officer to the general officers commanding, who are to report in their turn to the War Office as to the corps which they think should be reduced in establishment or disbanded. The medical examination of would-be recruits will be much stricter than it has been between now and the beginning of the next financial year. When the reductions take place fewer adjutants will be required from the Regulars, and this will do something towards decreasing the shortage of officers in the Army.

The Supposed Slave Boy.

Jack Simla, the negro boy, is back once more under the care of his master, Mr. Ernest De Pass, from whom he had run away and sought refuge in the workhouse at Saunderton. The cause of Jack running away was due to a misunderstanding and the foolish advice of a neighbour, who thought he saw in the presence of a black servant the beginning of an effort to introduce slavery into Buckinghamshire. "If ever your master wants to beat you," he told Jack not long ago, "you can run away and seek shelter in the workhouse, where you will be clothed and fed without having to slave for your living." "I have always treated Jack," said Mr. De Pass, "as one of my own children. He shares in all their games and drives about with me. He has been in England eighteen months, and when I send him back to West Africa in two months' time he will take with him every penny of his accumulated wages."

Rose from the Ranks.

Mr. William Pearce Jones, whose death is announced, was the survivor of the two Jones Brothers whose name is so well known in North London. The son of a Merionethshire farmer, he came to London as a poor shop assistant just forty-three years ago, and he died at the Manor House, an ancient mansion in East Finchley. Here, surrounded with his gardens and paddocks, with high old red-brick walls and the griffins sculptured above his gates, he lived in perfect rural calm, although within easy driving distance of his huge drapery business in the Holloway Road. Mr. W. P. Jones's first start in London was in Fairfax Road, South Hampstead, a small shop with one assistant, which he started on his savings in three years as a shop assistant in Porchester Terrace. Then, in 1867, he and his brother, John Jones, started at what was then called Gloucester House, Pear Tree Terrace, in the then semi-rural surroundings of the Holloway Road. At that time Holloway Road had a bad record for business failures. But the increase of population was coming, and it made the fortunes of these bold tradesmen. The takings of the first day at Jones Brothers' were £3 7s. In 1886, not quite twenty years afterwards, the great emporium of Jones Brothers was serving 18,000 customers a week. It has over 1,000 employees, and shop after shop has been swallowed up by the Colossus of the North. Mr. W. P. Jones was a keen business man, but he was something more. He was once a prominent member of the Hon. Artillery Company, and at the earliest Military Tournaments he won prizes for tent pegging and tilting at the ring.

A special photograph of Azafya Pasthukin, the Kharkoff gipsy who has just been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for prophesying that the Tsar would be assassinated within a year.

REDUCING HIS "TOO SOLID FLESH."
BEFORE BREAKFAST IN THE PARK.
INCREASING HIS LUNG SURFACE.
A QUIET EVENING PRACTICE TRAMP IN THE SUBURBS
REJECTED! - HE BURSTS INTO VOLUNTEARS
A QUIET EVENING AT HOME.
DUDLEY E. LEAVER-05

THE COMING SEVERE PHYSICAL TESTS TO ELIMINATE DOUBTFUL VOLUNTEERS: Our irresponsible artist's idea of what we may expect from those citizen soldiers whose enthusiasm is greater than their stamina. (See paragraph above.)

A Page of Portraits.

Miss Florence Nightingale.

Last week Miss Florence Nightingale celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday. At twenty-five, after having had an excellent education, she consecrated her life to the care of the sick. For ten years she studied hospital methods on the Continent and at home, and underwent the regular and

Photo, London Stereoscopic.

THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.
Miss Florence Nightingale, who has just attained her 85th birthday.

arduous training of a nurse. Thus, when the Crimean War broke out, Miss Nightingale was thoroughly qualified to organise the British Army nursing service, and her offer to undertake the task was promptly accepted by Sydney Herbert, the Secretary-at-War. Miss Nightingale, with considerable difficulty, got together a band of thirty-eight devoted women, and on October 21, 1854, they sailed for Scutari, which was reached on November 5, the date of the battle of Inkerman. Four thousand sick and wounded were packed in the hospital, and the sight that met the gaze of these noble women when they arrived at the building must have made them almost shrink from the task before them. Miss Florence Nightingale was not disheartened by the enormity of the task before her. She worked unceasingly, sometimes for twenty hours at a stretch; and slowly, but surely her influence made itself felt. At first she was only tolerated by the Army surgeons, but she herself by her wonderful tact removed this prejudice, and very soon one and all were loud in her praise. To the poor wounded soldiers the change that gradually came over the hospitals was remarkable. Now they had clean linen instead of filthy rags, good food instead of badly-cooked rations, tender treatment instead of the clumsy efforts of untrained hospital orderlies. That the men well-nigh worshipped the gentle lady who had wrought the change is not surprising. One of them, in a letter describing her nightly visits to the wards, wrote: "To see her pass is happiness. She would speak to one, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay here by hundreds, but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads upon the pillow content again." When she returned home a grateful nation presented her with £50,000, and she gave it back in the form of the Nurses' Training Institute.

Six Hundred Atlantic Journeys.

The North German liner *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* has arrived at New York decked with flags, in honour of Mr. Carl Baum, her chief engineer, who has completed his 301st trip to that port, or a record of 601 journeys across the Atlantic. Mr. Baum is sixty-five years of age, of which forty years have been spent in the engine rooms of ocean steamships. Altogether (says the *Telegraph's* correspondent) his sea travels total 2,346,832 miles, a distance equalling 100 times around the world, or about five times to the moon and back.

General Kuropatkin.

The greatest and most luckless of the Tsar's generals is a man familiar with war from his youth upwards, whose strength is known to lie not in dash, but in careful preparation and persistent, stubborn attack. As a boy at the Military Academy, Kuropatkin carried all the obtainable honours before him; he entered the army at eighteen and saw his first service a year later. This was in Bokhara, and from the campaign he emerged with two crosses of honour

Photo, Schaarwächter.

A FOREIGN VISITOR: Prince Eitel Fritz, the Kaiser's second son, who is now on a visit to England.

and promotion to the rank of lieutenant for conspicuous bravery. His next service was seen under the famous General Skobeleff, and the story is told that, incurring the displeasure of a senior officer, he was sent on a mission so dangerous as to hold no promise of his return. Kuropatkin went, penetrated the enemy's lines in disguise, gained invaluable information, and returned wounded and fever-stricken, but alive and covered with new honours. From that hour he was a marked man, and rose rapidly to high command. The Russo-Turkish campaign served to display his splendid qualities to the utmost advantage. Kuropatkin was General Skobeleff's right-hand man—the man always chosen to lead his desperate attacks. It was at the Shipka Pass that Kuropatkin was once so badly wounded as to be left on the field for dead. All night he lay unconscious, but in the morning arose and managed to stagger into the Russian camp. He had been protected against exposure by three Turkish bodies which lay across him! Fortunate then—to-day his luck has turned.

Photo, Esch.

The latest photo of General Kuropatkin, the Russian General who has been recalled from the front.

The "Mother of the Navy."

Less than thirty years ago a few sailors used to assemble in a private house at Devonport to listen to the lectures of Miss Agnes Weston. To-day two palatial "Homes" stand in Devonport and Portsmouth as a testimony to her energy and devotion, and these homes are patronised by the sailors in their thousands, over a quarter of a million men sleeping in them every year. Here they can sleep, dine, eat, smoke, bathe, play billiards, read the journals and magazines, and, in fact, enjoy, at a price within their means, all the advantages a rich man gets at his club. Less than thirty years ago a small gunboat returned from a foreign station to pay off at Devonport, and a deputation of its bluejackets waited on Miss Weston. They had heard that Miss Weston cared for sailors, and was anxious to help them in every way. "Won't you open a coffee-house

Photo, Dinham.

Miss Agnes Weston, the sailors' friend.

for us," they said, "just outside the dockyard gates? It will be safe moorings for us, and will keep us off the drink, and all the rest of it." Miss Weston felt (it is her own story I am telling) that they had asked her to do something beyond her power, and a refusal trembled on her lips. One of the men broke in, "Don't say 'No,' Miss Weston. We do want to have a home, with you in it, that we can come to. Shipmates, let's pray about it." They all knelt down and prayed. Their act went to Miss Weston's heart, and she said, "Here am I, send me." The Royal Sailors' Rest at Devonport is the outcome of the prayer. When one thinks what the undertaking of this great work meant to Miss Weston, one is able to appreciate the goodness of the woman who did it. It meant giving up home and ease, a life-long consecration of all her energies to the welfare of others.

Hero of 105.

Hiram Cronk, the last American survivor of the war with Great Britain in 1812, died last week, near Rome, in the State of New York, at the age of 105. His body will lie in state in the New York City Hall, and will have a public funeral, in accordance with plans arranged a short time ago in consultation with him. Cronk was no respecter of the rules commonly believed to contribute to longevity. He chewed tobacco and took alcoholic drinks freely after he was seventy. In spite of certain infirmities, he recently began cutting new teeth, and a fresh crop of hair sprouted from a bald spot on his head. Brothers and sisters of Cronk, who are almost centenarians, survive him.

Facing the Mob.

President Roosevelt arrived in Chicago last week. The city is passing through a labour crisis, which at one time threatened to become most serious. At a banquet held in his honour, he took the occasion in hand sternly. A Reuter despatch says that, after the more formal portion of the President's speech had been delivered, he said, turning to the Mayor of Chicago: "There need not be the slightest apprehension in the hearts of the most timid that the mob spirit will ever triumph in this country." A remarkable demonstration followed the speech. Mayor Dunne, profoundly moved, grasped the President's hand, and the whole company of seven hundred persons mounted chairs and even tables, cheering and waving napkins for ten minutes.

A VETERAN CHESS PLAYER.
Mr. J. Pretty, of Wrentham, who recently played in a big correspondence game between Sussex and Suffolk, defeating his opponent. Mr. Pretty is ninety-one years old. Mr Pretty is also a violinist of merit.

Romantic Wedding.

The Society lady and the flower girl were alike interested in a wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last Saturday afternoon, and probably the latter took a more personal interest in the bride than the former. Miss Olive Christian Malvery, the Indian writer, was married to Mr. Archibald Mackirdy, of Rothesay, Scotland, United States Consul at Muscat, Persia. The bride has lately been entertaining the readers of a well-known London magazine with the story of her investigations of the seamy side of London life, and in order to study the daily life of the very poorest of the poor, she has at different times masqueraded as a coster girl, a flower seller, a factory hand, and a sheller of peas at Covent Garden Market. Nights have been spent in casual wards and common lodging-houses, while Miss Malvery has tramped the streets of London together

Photo, W. & D. Downey.

Miss Olive Malvery, who was recently married to Mr. Mackirdy at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is a native of Lahore, India, but is well known as a worker among the East End poor and as a clever writer of magazine stories.

with the homeless outcasts. During her many wanderings she has made countless friends among the flower sellers and factory hands, who came in crowds to the wedding. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of London, assisted by the Rev. Canon Hensley Henson, rector of the parish, and the service was fully choral. Mme. Emma Calvé sang several solos, while the church was lavishly decorated with white flowers and green palms. The bride was married in an Indian costume of soft white satin, trimmed with silver, veiled with dew-spangled gauze. The bodice opened loosely over a silver gauze front, and was almost entirely hidden by a silver mesh zouave laced with silver cords and tassels. There was no train, but the skirt fell in long graceful folds to the ground. She carried seven beautiful roses, loosely tied with silver cord. These roses were a present to her from the poor girls from Hoxton, while she was attended by twelve little flower-girls from Hoxton, dressed all in white and carrying baskets filled with roses, which they afterwards distributed among the guests.

The Maharaja of Kapurthala.

The Maharaja of Kapurthala, who is now on a visit to England, is one of India's most enlightened princes. He rules over a kingdom of 598 square miles—a territory a little smaller than Hertfordshire—and is entitled to a salute of eleven guns. He has a little army of his own, consisting of about a thousand men and guns. His father rendered excellent service to us during the Mutiny

Photo, Johnston & Hoffmann.

A FOREIGN VISITOR: The Maharaja of Kapurthala, who is now on a visit to England.

Villagers' Bear Hunt.

An exciting bear hunt is reported to have occurred at Icklington, the picturesque village between Bury St. Edmunds and Mildenhall. A large brown bear, kept as a pet by Mrs. Bucton, of Icklingham Hall, managed to slip its collar and get free. After rambling through the fields, it found its way into the churchyard. A hunt was organised, in which several dozen men, armed with a variety of weapons, took part. One man, who endeavoured to secure the animal, was badly clawed on the hand. Eventually the bear took refuge in a tree, and there he was kept captive by men with lanterns. The owner was telegraphed to, and replied that if the bear could not be enticed into captivity, it was to be shot. Efforts at a peaceful capture proved useless, and the bear was despatched by a sergeant of Volunteers with a Lea-Metford rifle.

Rat Interrupts a Concert.

There was an unexpected and amusing incident at a fashionable concert at the Royal Albert Institute, Windsor, on a recent afternoon. A tame black and white rat brought in by a small Eton boy escaped from his pocket and made an excursion among the audience, which was principally composed of ladies. Instead of fainting or screaming, some of the ladies took the rat in their hands, fondled it, and kissed it, and one of the programme sellers became so fond of it that after she had handed it to the Eton boy she asked a little later to be allowed to nurse it. The small Etonian, his face suffused with blushes, gallantly acceded to the request. Ultimately the pet was returned to its owner's pocket.

The Profits of "Bookies."

In "Betting and Gambling," a volume of essays just published by Messrs. Macmillan and edited by Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, the well-known author of "Poverty," some striking facts are given to show the rapid spread of gambling in all classes of the community. It may surprise the public to learn that in the space of five and a half years no fewer than eighty cases of suicide, 321 embezzlements, and 191 bankruptcies appeared on the records of the courts owing to professional betting. The sum of £5,000,000 is estimated by Sir R. Giffen as annually going into the pockets of bookmakers.

The Dog Came Back.

An interesting story is told of a dog which, having missed his master in a Tube train, attempted to follow on foot, received an electric shock, then came back to the platform, and went on by the next train. One of the most striking things in this line will be known to lovers of dogs. A little terrier was taken by its master from Staffordshire on a visit to St. Albans, where it was badly mauled by a larger dog. The terrier was missing for a week, having crawled away in a terrible state. Then they heard a terrible hullaballoo in the yard. There was the little terrier again, with him a huge dog: they were both going for the St. Albans dog like tigers. The terrier's new companion was one of his Staffordshire friends. The little chap, in the week which had elapsed, had been all the way to the Potteries, secured his aid, and brought him back to avenge the assault committed by the Hertfordshire worrier.

Policeman's Plucky Fight.

On night duty on a dark road near Newcastle-under-Lyme, Police-constable F. Knight saw three men carrying bundles. They ran away, and the officer chased them into a shed. There a fierce but most unequal fight followed, until the policeman was felled to the ground, when he was beaten and kicked. His assailants then fled, and when assistance arrived it was found that they had left behind the proceeds of a robbery at a shop in Stoke. The policeman's condition is critical.

Fanciers Prepare for the "Pigeon Derbys."

The pigeon-racing season opened last Saturday, when no fewer than 70,000 homing pigeons were liberated in various parts of the country. Special trains were engaged to carry the birds to the racing points, the biggest tosses taking place at Crewe, Stafford, and Worcester. At Stafford 11,000 pigeons were released to fly home to East and South-East Lancashire, Ramsbottom, and West Yorkshire, and 11,000 from Stockport, Northwich, and North Staffordshire were set free at Worcester. The fanciers of North Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland had 9,000 of their homers liberated at Crewe and 5,000 from North-East Lancashire were liberated at Congleton. Another batch of 7,000 Lancashire birds was started from Wellington. Yorkshire had 15,000 pigeons engaged in races on Saturday from Stafford, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Rugby, and Burton. All Saturday's contests were simply preparatory to the two great races of the year, known as the "pigeon Derbys." These will take place on July 11 from Nantes and Marennes, distant from Lancashire 450 and 550 miles respectively. In the Marennes race the endurance of the pigeons is tested to the uttermost, many of the birds having to be on the wing without rest for sixteen hours.

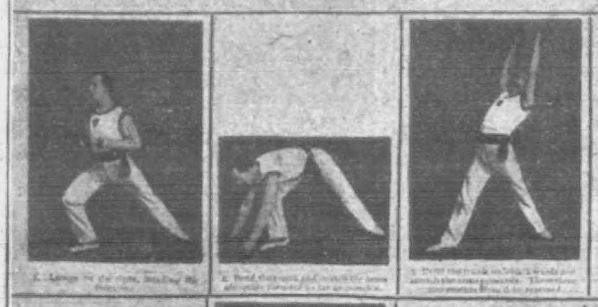
The Double Century.

The most interesting event in the cricket season, so far as it has gone, has been the repetition by Mr. Fry of a feat performed by himself, and very occasionally by other batsmen, of scoring two centuries in the same match, says the *Daily Express*. Mr Fry's cricket seems to improve as years pass over his head—not that we mean to suggest that he is as yet anywhere near the ranks of the veterans. We shou'd say that, of all the athletic exercises in which he excels, cricket was the one for which Mr. Fry had the least natural aptitude. He was made, not born, a batsman; but those who have read the admirably lucid criticism and careful analysis of the game which he has on so many occasions contributed to the columns of the *Express* will have learnt, in part at least, the secret of his success. He has used his head. He has reasoned out the why and wherefore of every stroke, and his natural gifts of hand and eye enable him to translate theory into practice. In the region of sport, as in the Navy or the Army, it has come to be recognised that the victory is likely to be won by the man with brains.

A 'ONE MINUTE' DAILY EXERCISE THAT WILL KEEP YOU FIT.

N.B. Before starting on the following exercises, stand erect, inflate the lungs by slow, prolonged inhalation through the nostrils. At the same time raise the fully stretched arms at right angles to the shoulders. When the lungs are well inflated, retain the air in them for four seconds, then forcibly expel it through the mouth, at the same time lowering the arms. This exercise must be done twice.

Time Taken **10** Secs.



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Total **1** MINUTE.

Pampered Pets at the Palace.

There were nearly 620 toy dogs on show at the Crystal Palace last week, and they were waited upon all day long by a crowd of fashionable women. The entry constituted a record for the annual toy dog show. They reclined in their pens on silken cushions—the colours of which were chosen to match their coats—behind curtains edged with lace. Their pet names, such as "My Lovely," were embroidered on ribbons hung across the tops of the pens. They were fed with dainty snacks of fish and fowl, and kissed and fondled like babies. Some of the owners were not content with lavishing bows of silk and satin on their pets. One Yorkshire terrier wore little bows of multi-coloured wool all over his coat, and looked as if he were done up in curl-papers. Other dogs had their pens decorated with flowers. A proud King Charles spaniel wore a row of medals on a silken ribbon round his neck. Several had their curtains drawn, and slept the sleep of the bored while their mistresses sat in front like sentinels. Others were posing for their portraits in oils or crayons. Two were taken for a walk by turbaned Indian nurses, and for all of them a bevy of official nursemaids was available if wanted. One of the finest dogs in the show was a Griffon Bruxellois—Copthorne Treasure—belonging to Mrs. H. Spicer. His trophies were four first prizes and a championship prize. An Italian greyhound — Prince of Bampton — owned by Mrs. E. Nicholson, wore six medals, and won a second, a first, and two special prizes. Never before have so many Pomeranians and toy spaniels been exhibited at this show. The officials say those breeds are becoming more popular every year, and that pugs are gradually going out of favour.

A Horse "Charmer."

When a strangely-dressed man, wearing a wideawake hat and carrying a wallet and a dagger, rode into Aughrim, county Wicklow, on a fine horse on which he sat without a saddle, and which he guided with a twig, the police took him into custody on suspicion of horse-stealing. The police, however, have in their charge not a criminal, but a well-known eccentric gentleman from the South of Ireland, says the *Irish Independent*. The name given to the police was Mr. Herbert Mandeville, of Anner Castle, near Clonmell. In Tipperary and Waterford local repute concedes to Mr. Mandeville the power of "charming" horses by whispering into their ears.

Blackbirds Defeat a Cat.

An exciting story of a battle between two blackbirds and a black cat comes from the upland village of Stokenchurch, near Wallingford. Mr. William Biggs, while working in his garden, noticed the cat and blackbirds darting among the cabbages. Closer observation showed that the cat was being severely pecked by the two birds. Eventually the blackbirds became masters of the situation, as the cat was pecked to such an extent that it ran home. An inspection of the scene of the battle showed that the enraged birds had a nest of fledglings, which the cat had robbed, while a young dead bird was discovered on the ground in close proximity to the nest.

Calls on the Dead.

The fashion is becoming popular in Paris of leaving cards at the cemetery. An oak box, placed on a tombstone, is intended for the cards of those who visit the resting-place of a departed friend. In this way the near relatives find out those friends who still cherish the memory of the dead.

Stampeded by Bulls.

A shocking accident has befallen the Spanish hamlet of Villa Manregne, in New Castile. The children of the village were at play, and formed a procession, which marched along the wide plain towards the mountains, where they were espied by a herd of young bulls being reared for the arena. The brutes, about 200 in number, at once charged in a body upon the little intruders, who were swept in their terror-stricken flight into a narrow defile, where they were trodden under the hoofs of the bulls, the whole herd passing over them, though fortunately without using their horns. Still, it is doubtful whether ten of the children will recover. Twenty others are badly injured. There is only one doctor in the canton.

Fight with a Dog.

As a big boarhound belonging to Mr. Dean Wray, a London dentist who has a house at Colchester, had been showing symptoms of savagery, Mr. Wray decided to take it to London for treatment. The guard of the train, which was an express, refused to have the dog in his van, and Mr. Wray therefore took the animal with him into a compartment in which there was no other passenger. Almost as soon as the train started the boarhound made a ferocious attack on his master, and so furious was it that Mr. Wray had to climb on to the hat-rack. From this position he kept it at bay for some time, but as the fury of the dog increased he at last lowered himself from the rack, and, being fortunate enough to temporarily disable the animal by a kick, he escaped by the window and got on to the footboard outside. There he was seen by passengers, the alarm was given, and the train stopped. On the arrival of the train at Liverpool Street railway servants armed with sticks were led to the compartment, and there found the dog dead.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

Stirring events have happened in the cricket world since my last. First and foremost stands the wonderful performance, or rather series of performances, of C. B. Fry, who last week scored 560 runs in four innings—156 and 106 against M.C.C., and 97 and 201 not out against Notts. What a pity he could not manage another boundary hit in the third of these ventures! His form is such that the attainment of the rare feat of scoring 1,000 runs in May is well within his grasp: indeed it will be a surprise if he fails. By the way, the two centuries gained against the M.C.C. afford Fry yet another record, for he is the only man who has gained two separate centuries in the same match on four occasions. "W. G." and R. E. Foster have succeeded in doing so thrice each.

Next to Fry the most noteworthy batting was that of P. F. Warner, but here the "noteworthy" is rather a mixed compliment to the Middlesex acting captain, for after he had made the highest score of the season—204 against Sussex—he got a "pair of spectacles" against Gloucestershire, his failure to score a single run in the match going a long way towards giving the victory to the Westerners. But there were other potent agencies in the decisive downfall of the metropolitans—a fiery wicket, good bowling by Huggins and Dennett, and punishing hitting by Jack Board, than whom a more whole-hearted cricketer does not exist. Board's 119 not out was the finest thing he has done for years, and there is evidently plenty of cricket in the old stumper yet, despite the fact that he is bordering on to forty.

Both Lancashire and Yorkshire have started the season in fine style, and unless Middlesex improve very materially on their initial display the championship will probably resolve itself into a "Battle of the Roses." Yorkshire were given some uneasiness last Saturday, owing to the bold front put on by Bowley, who played a grand innings of 151 against the flower of the "Tykes'" attack. And it was practically a faultless display too, as the only chance he offered was a very difficult one. This was when he had made 78, and for the remainder of the time he was in there was just a chance that Worcestershire might win. But after he went matters went the way of the bowlers, and Yorkshire gained their third county victory by 65 runs. Many of the Notts team showed fine form at Brighton, particularly A. O. Jones, the two Gunns, Hardstaff (a much improved bat), and R. E. Hemingway, but a strong buffer in the person of C. B. Fry kept the Lancemen from succeeding, and the game was drawn.

A. O. Jones followed up his grand form at Brighton by playing a splendid innings of 72 for Notts against Middlesex at Lord's on Monday. He was going very strongly when E. A. Beldam brought off a rare good catch from one of Albert Trott's deliveries. The fielder was standing close in at mid-on, and it was one of the best catches I have ever seen.

George Gunn improves every time he goes to the wicket, and his luck in getting out when within one of his century was very tantalising. However, the bowler was Jack Hearne, and he fully deserved the wicket, for he fairly smothered the batsman with a delivery that beat him all the way.

The Australians did not place their best team in the field against Oxford University, Clem Hill, Kelly, and Cotter being the principal absentees. However, they made a good show, Trumper playing very good cricket indeed for 77, and Noble scoring with all his old grace and freedom for 66.

At Old Trafford, the home of the Lancashire County Club, Essex cut but a sorry figure against the home county, who easily led on the first innings. W Findlay, who was kept out of the Lancashire county team last season, owing to his scholastic duties at G. O. Smith's establishment at Ludgrove, was playing, and it is said that he will regularly assist his native county for the rest of the season.

M.C.C. v. SUSSEX at Lord's: Mr. Warner, who made 204 runs against Sussex.

Photo, Foster.

Mr. C. B. Fry, who last week achieved the feat of making a double century in one match. This is the fourth time he has made this gigantic score, thus beating all previous records. Till then W. G. Grace and R. E. Foster had shared with him the distinction of a double century three times, but now C. B. Fry takes the lead.

F. S. Jackson has early given evidence of being in form. In his first match this season for his native county—Yorkshire—against Derbyshire at Bradford, the old Cantab played a splendid innings of 111; and others who did well were Davie Denton, John Tunnicliffe, and Schofield Haigh. All made runs in a manner which suggests a successful season for Yorkshire. For once Rhodes, who batted so brilliantly the other day, failed to notch a run.

Another centurion was Vivian Crawford, who, playing in quite his best form, rattled up 119 against Warwickshire. The ex-Surrey man was quite in his happiest vein, and though his stay at the wickets only extended over an hour and three-quarters, he gave no chance and hit 21 fours. King also played in capital form for 69.

In a few days we shall all be talking of the first Test Match and England's likely players. There has already been some controversy on the question as to whether "Ranji" will play or not. Assuming that he does not, we have still a powerful side, which, I fancy, will be chosen from A. C. MacLaren (captain), C. B. Fry, Hon. F. S. Jackson, B. J. T. Bosanquet, G. L. Jessop, R. E. Foster, Hirst, Rhodes, Hayward, Tyldesley, Lilley, and Warren (or W. Brearley). A prominent cricketer suggests Hobbs, but, well as the Surrey recruit is playing, I doubt if he will even be considered by the selection committee.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

One of the oldest of harrier clubs—the Blackheath—is still one of the most prominent. The club, year by year, caters for the public in a manner only equalled by its old and most friendly rival—the South London pack. Their meeting on Saturday was quite the best of the season up to date, and again, only rivalled by the Spring meeting of the South Londoners at the Oval.

A programme of 600 entries wants a bit of getting through, and, unless the best of management is brought into play, there is more than an ordinary chance of a breakdown. But a strong and able body of willing workers were at hand—the Heathens have many such—and it redounds to the credit of everybody concerned that the last event was got through within five minutes of the scheduled time.

J. W. Morton's attempt on the 130yds. record was doubtless responsible for the big attendance which followed with great interest the proceedings from "kick-off" to finish. Unfortunately, the weather made record-breaking impossible, for a nasty cold head wind met the runners. In addition, Morton was very far from being himself, and though he looked like winning at 100yds. he cracked a yard or two further on, and L. F. Treneer won in 13⅗sec.

The "hundred" went to J. P. Wardle, an unattached athlete from the Beckenham district. His runner-up was G. F. Crump, of the home club, who had previously beaten Morton after the latter had won his first heat in a fifth of a second faster than the final was run in. The Civil Service Association football player, T. E. F. Turner, again proved in winning vein, and, in the colours of the S.L.H., he accounted for the 30 yds. mark in 32⅖sec., a rare good performance on the day. A youth of eighteen years, L. J. Tingle, of the Essex Beagles, won the mile running handicap, and the two miles' walk fell to J. C. Hall, of the Northampton Institute Harriers.

The wheel events were very interesting. Big fields were the order, and close finishes the rule. The half-mile was won by T. W. Hobcraft, of the Borough Polytechnic C.C., who, with 45yds. start, beat T. A. Nayler, of the Polytechnic C.C. The mile wheel event went to F. McDonough, of the Putney A.C., 115yds. start, his runner-up being E. C. Gillett, a fellow clubman, and the time 2min. 3 ⅕sec.

THE RACE FOR THE CHESTER CUP: First time round. Winner is on the extreme left.

A CONSUMMATE SUCCESS.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND FOR 'ANTIPON.'

It is safe to assume that amongst the hundreds of thousands of readers of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER there are many hundreds of men and women, and not a few youths and maidens, who are troubled with an excess of fat, and that very many of these sufferers have tried remedies of all kinds—cheap and expensive, negative and injurious, and all more or less disagreeable—without being able to effect anything like a lasting reduction of weight. Most of the so-called remedies for obesity with which those of a past generation were wont to torture themselves were in every way dangerous—they starved the system on the one hand, and on the other poisoned it with mineral drugs. And still the tendency to get fat remained; and as soon as the nerve-racking, strength-reducing "cures" were abandoned the development of excessive fat began again! It was disheartening! The worst of it is that these noxious methods of diminishing bodily weight are still largely practised; hence much serious trouble, the strongest of constitutions sometimes going to rack and ruin.

Thanks, however, to the discovery of "Antipon," one of the greatest scientific "finds" of modern times, all these pernicious methods will soon be relegated to the limbo of discredited things. An influential daily newspaper recently spoke of "Antipon" as bidding fair "to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned," and this, doubtless, is a correct estimate of the importance of the discovery.

The demand for "Antipon" is increasing by leaps and bounds, and stout people in all quarters of the globe write to the "Antipon" Company expressing their great gratitude for the permanent benefits received from this wonderful specific—not only as regards lasting loss of weight but as to improved health and increased strength and energy, physical and mental. To carefully follow a course of "Antipon"—and it is so easy and pleasant in every way—is to take off, in appearance at least, some part of the burden of years. "Antipon" is the great rejuvenator for all stout people; and they are beginning to find it out, if we may judge from the rapidly increasing demand.

The consummate success of "Antipon" is, of course, partly due to its invaluable tonic qualities as well as to its fat-destroying capabilities. It promotes a keen appetite, tones up the digestive system, and perfects the processes of digestion and assimilation. It stands to reason, therefore, that the larger amount of properly digested food taken into the system—there are no absurd dietary restrictions—must be of the greatest benefit. It does not make fat, because with the absorption of the diseased and excessive fat that is gradually going on, the fatal *tendency* to make fat of everything is being lastingly destroyed. This compound action of "Antipon" is the secret of its unprecedented success.

As regards the amount of fat eliminated day by day, this varies with each particular case; but there is never any failure. Within a day and a night of the first dose there is a reduction varying between 8 oz. and 3 lb. in ordinary cases. To this succeeds a reliable and steady decrease day after day until standard weight and correct proportions are regained. It is not only a question of reducing the "corporation"; the whole body benefits—the bulky neck, the baggy cheeks, the double chin, subside into natural graceful lines without flabbiness, for the blood, being enriched, makes the flesh firm. The waist becomes elegant, the hips natural, and the limbs become nicely moulded and firm. As soon as the subject is satisfied that normal weight is restored the doses may cease, the cure being permanent.

"Antipon" is a pleasant tasting liquid, of which small doses are taken at stated times. It is of purely vegetable ingredients, and quite harmless. It is refreshing, can be taken in the strictest privacy, and causes not the slightest functional disturbance, being neither aperient nor the opposite.

"Antipon" is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by chemists, stores, &c., or, should difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending remittance) post-free, privately packed, direct from "The Antipon Company," 13 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

TOY DOG SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE: THE MIGHTY ATOM.

THE NELSON CENTENARY.

A striking photograph of a portion of the great panorama at Earl's Court Exhibition, showing the death of Nelson.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Your Husband's Personal Appearance.

Many a man who as a bachelor would scorn to wear a frayed shirt or a cracked collar, who would never dream of going longer than six months without a new top hat or a new suit, develops a slovenly appearance when he is married.

Is it because, like the birds, he wears his brightest plumage in courting time, and, once mated, grows drab, and brown, and uninteresting-looking?

Well, we all know how a man will try to look his best in the halcyon "following-time," and perhaps there is a slight natural tendency to relax effort when the great impression is made. But, I venture to think, in most instances the causes are quite otherwise. There is far more unselfishness in man than you, dear reader, dream of, and if you open your eyes and notice your husband's overcoat is getting dingy or his tie frayed, you may be sure it is because he feels that you or the children ought to have more money, and he is trying to sacrifice himself in order that you and they may not have to be economical.

I would impress it very earnestly upon my readers that a wife should take every care of her husband's appearance. In my humble opinion it is part of a wife's duty to overhaul his collars, weed out the worn ones and make up the dozen with new ones, to send his overcoats and vests to clean *without acquainting him with the fact beforehand*, to cautiously make away with old ties, to send his boots to the cobbler, to brush his clothes before putting them away, to fold the trousers in the original creases, and to use two volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica"—if funds will not run to a ten-and-sixpenny trouser-press. Take my word for it, dear readers, clothes so treated will wear for years, and will be good and smart to the very last; you will also have the proud satisfaction of knowing that your husband looks a credit to you and to himself.

It means time, but it is worth it, because no woman ever liked to see the man who used to be so spruce and trim develop into a sloven, and that is what many men do.

"It doesn't matter what I wear now I am married," I heard a man say once when a chum rallied him upon an atrocious tie which he was wearing. Convince your husband that it does matter, that you are as proud to see him look his best as you were when he was your lover. Don't allow him to imagine you don't notice how he looks, and, above all, if he says to you while you are pinning on your hat, "Which tie shall I wear?" don't remark *without turning round*, "Oh, any!" but swing right round, walk into the next room, if need be, and give your attention to the matter; the fact that he is deliberating about it shows that he wishes to look his best and do you credit. If you display indifference he will cease making the effort, and the fall of his vanity will be like that of Humpty Dumpty—not "all the King's horses and all the King's men can manage to put it together again."

To Tint Lace Curtains.

To tint lace curtains cream colour, add an ounce of yellow ochre to two ounces of starch, and mix in the usual way with boiling water. Strain the starch to clear it of lumps. It is best to soak a pair of curtains at the same time, for thus one can ensure both being of the same shade of colour.

Try Cucumber Sauce

With salmon or lamb cutlets, and you will find it very excellent. Peel some cucumber and then grate sufficient to fill a coffee-cup. To this quantity add the same quantity of best salad oil, three dessertspoonfuls of vinegar, salt and white pepper to taste. Stir all thoroughly together and serve at once.

One Solitary Freckle.

This often disfigures a face by being situate on a prominent part. If the freckle is permanent, there is only one satisfactory way of treating it—by raising a blister. Of course, this will not be a painless experiment. A small piece of wood, pointed, and made rather soft by biting, will readily carry about half a drop of pure liquefied carbolic acid. This quantity will suffice for a very large freckle; but a blemish twice the size of a pin's head can be treated with half this quantity. The surrounding skin may be protected with adhesive plaster, in which a hole has been cut to allow access to the freckle.

Stuffed Cauliflower.

Ingredients: A medium-sized cauliflower, a teaspoonful of capers, one ounce of breadcrumbs, two mushrooms, salt, grated cheese, and pepper to taste.

Boil the cauliflower in salted water until nearly cooked. Take it up carefully and drain it, then lay on a fireproof dish (on which it will be served later). Remove the thick stalk, and fill the hole with this mixture: the breadcrumbs, chopped capers, mushrooms, salt and cayenne, and cheese. After putting the stuffing into the hole, press the vegetable into as compact a shape as possible. Make a small quantity of white sauce, pour over, and scatter cheese on it. Place it in the oven for fifteen to twenty minutes until a nice brown, and serve.

Photo, Rotary.

ACTRESSES AT HOME: A Snapshot of the Sisters Dare in their Cosy Boudoir.

Photo, Antr but.

ACTRESSES AT HOME: A charming picture of Mrs. H. B. Irving, wife of the new "Hamlet," and her child.

Pillow Covers.

To preserve the cleanliness of your pillows, make them covers of cheap calico, to be sewn on over the ticking. These calico covers, being protected in their turn by the linen pillow slips, will only need washing about once in three or four months, and they will keep the pillows clean a very long time. Mattresses should be protected in the same way, or, at any rate, with strips of calico about half a yard wide, sewn round the edges.

Boiled Leg of Lamb.

Ingredients: Leg of lamb, carrots, turnips, cauliflower, one pint of melted butter sauce, parsley. Take a fine leg of lamb, weighing about five pounds. Soak this in warm water for more than two hours. Wrap the meat in a cloth, and boil it very slowly for one hour and a quarter. When done, dish it up and garnish with a border of boiled carrots and turnips, cut into thick slices or fancy shapes, also sprigs of cauliflowers. Put a paper frill on to the shank-bone, and pour part of the sauce over. Scatter chopped parsley thickly over. Baked potatoes go very well with this joint.

To Wash an Eiderdown Quilt.

Preface the washing by mending any little holes in the sateen. Then prepare a suds with warm water and boiled soap, and in this plunge the quilt. Squeeze with the hands till the water becomes dirty, then place in fresh suds, and repeat the process till clean. Rinse out the soap in as many changes of water as necessary, squeeze out the water, shake the quilt, and hang out to dry. When dry, shake it till it is quite soft and full. On no account use a mangle, or the quilt will be utterly flat-looking.

Save Potato Peelings.

Potato peelings, if dried in the oven, are very useful for fire-kindling. If sufficiently abundant, they may be used instead of wood, but in any case they will economise it.

The Value of Cheerfulness.

What it means to a man to come home at night to a cheerful wife no one but he who has had to fight in the hard battle of life knows. If he is prosperous it is an added joy; but it is in misfortune that it shines like a star in the darkness. A complaining wife can kill the last bit of hope and courage in a sorely-troubled heart, while a cheerful one gives new courage to begin the fight over again

Breakfast Fritters.

Ingredients: Two cups of sour milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda, flour to make a batter.

Dissolve the carbonate of soda in the milk, and add the eggs well beaten. Then by degrees sift in flour till you have a thin batter. Work all smooth with a wooden spoon, and beat thoroughly. Have a frying-pan very hot, put in a little bit of butter; directly it hisses put in a large spoonful of the batter. Fry till brown on one side, and then turn to the other. Serve hot with golden syrup.

How to Wash a Corset.

Remove the steels, then lay the corset on a table or board, and scrub with a stiff brush, using a lather made of white soap. Rinse beneath a tap with cold water, pull straight, and allow to dry.

Scalloped Crab.

Ingredients: Take the meat from a large boiled crab, chop it finely and mix it with two ounces of boiled rice and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Season with black pepper, cayenne, and salt. Moisten all with a tablespoonful of vinegar and a little thick, white sauce. Butter some small china scallop shells, fill them with the prepared crab, cover the top with breadcrumbs which have been seasoned with salt and pepper, pour a little warm butter over the breadcrumbs, and bake the scallops in a quick oven until they are evenly browned.

Useful Cooling Drinks.

Barley Water.—Wash two ounces and a half of pearl barley, put it into a little boiling water, and, after cooking for a few minutes, pour off. Add two quarts of fresh boiling water, and let all cook in a perfectly clean stewpan till reduced to one-half. Then flavour to taste.

Barley Lemonade.—Put a quarter of a pound of lump sugar into half a pint of water, boil for ten minutes or until forming a thick syrup. Add the rind of a fresh lemon (rubbed on some of the sugar), and the juice of two. Stir all together, add two quarts of barley water. Cook for a few minutes more with any scraps of lemon peel you wish to use. Strain into a jug, and when cold it is ready to use.

Rice Water is very useful in some cases of sickness. Wash two ounces of rice in cold water, set it on the fire in a quart of water, and cook for an hour. Rub through a hair sieve, and sweeten with honey. Lemon juice may be added to flavour.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

To-day's New Woman.

Just now, if one were to speak of the "new woman," one would mean a character very different from that which was so spoken of ten or fifteen years ago. To-day the "new woman" is the woman who is turning her back on public affairs, business, agitation, and examinations.—*Household Words*

The Human Form Divine.

The costumiers and fashion-writers tell us that the figure of this year is not the same as the figure of last year, and the figure of next year will not be the same as the figure of this year. We are given to understand that the human form is not by any means fixed—that it is mere clay in the hands of the West end potter, who can squeeze and punch it until it sticks out behind or bulges in front. Poor human form!"—*Rational Dress Reform.*

Man's Equal.

Where woman is established she is already on a par with the male worker. As actress or singer, authoress, painter, musician, &c., she receives wages equal to the man.—*To-Day.*

The New Society.

Society is kept going by the people who ain't in Society. Mayfair and Belgravia become the Rand and Throgmorton Street from the beginning of May till the end of June.—"Brummell" in the *World.*

The Newest Women.

We see a very numerous set of women suddenly enriched and without the responsibilities of great ladies, who loaf about their clubs, studying the tape for racing and Stock Exchange tips, and doing many of the other things which are done by idle and selfish men of the same type. These women profit by the advantages which English women pioneers have won for their sex.—*Queen.*

Sweeping Criticism.

If you wish to see women thoroughly insulted, go to the papers written for women by women. Where else would anyone dare to imply that woman was sufficiently idiotic to believe that marriage "of itself alone" guaranteed anything?—*Telegraph.*

Women on the Land.

Recently interviewed on behalf of the *Westminster Gazette*, the Countess of Warwick gave a graphic and glowing account of the work done by her agricultural college for women at Studley Castle. From a small settlement at Reading and half a dozen students her school has expanded until large enough to justify the taking of a fine old country mansion and 340 acres of ground in Warwickshire. "I am now," said Lady Warwick, "in a position to prove that, with sufficient training, a woman can make as good a competence on the land as in the crowded city, with the additional advantage of living in the fresh air. There are a number of girls, daughters of professional men, who are forced to do something for their own livelihood. It was with the idea of giving them a profession in that best of conditions, an open-air life, that I started my hostel at Reading seven years ago. I could not afford to give the training for nothing, nor do I think that it is advisable. But the fees were put at the lowest possible figure, and they have not been raised at Studley Castle. Board and residence at the college, with full training in horticulture, dairy work, or poultry farming, costs £80 a year, which includes three terms of thirteen weeks. Bee keeping is optional, and may be combined with any of the above courses for £5 5s. a year extra." There is also a course for fruit-preserving which extends over one year, and includes jam-making, fruit bottling and sterilising, and fruit and vegetable drying. "Short courses of instruction are also held regularly at the college, including all the subjects above mentioned. Study bedrooms for this short course can be had at the Little Hostel, which is a house within three minutes' walk of the college." Students are strongly advised to take a course in business training at the end of their two years. If two or more women intend to take up a co-operative farm, they must have a knowledge of book keeping and business methods. They must know how to market their goods, the best method of buying and selling, how to pack perishable goods, and how to get them to market in the cheapest way. In conclusion, it may be stated that posts with sufficient salary to constitute a living wage have been gained by thirty-three of Lady Warwick's students—in fact, by all who have required them.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

I hear that Mrs. John Wood will appear this autumn in "The Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane Theatre. Since her last appearance Mrs. Wood has lived in retirement, giving up all idea of returning to the stage. But Mr. Arthur Collins sent her a copy of Mr. Hall Caine's novel and the MS. of the play, with the result that she has consented to return to Drury Lane and take the part of Aunt Margret, one of the most charming characters in Mr. Caine's novel.

At the Court Theatre on Monday, the 22nd, Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Candida" will be produced. Miss Kate Rorke playing the title-*role*. Other parts are allotted to Miss Sydney Fairbrother, Mr. C. V. France, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. Hubert Harben, and Mr. A. G. Poulton. In "Man and Superman" by the same dramatist, which will be played the following afternoon, the cast will include Mr. C. Goodhart, Mr. Lewis Casson, Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. E. Gwenn, Mr. Hubert Harber, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Miss Florence Hayden, Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Sarah Brooke, and Miss Hazel Thompson.

The seats for the Lionel Brough Testimonial Matinée at His Majesty's on June 15th are going off rapidly. So our readers who admire this admirable comedian had better hurry up to secure them, as there will be an enormous show of talent. Applications for seats should be made to Mr. J. A. Harrison, 29, Leicester Square.

The Conway Matinée at the Haymarket Theatre on Thursday was a huge success, nearly all the leading actors and actresses appearing in the long programme, Mr. Tree, with His Majesty's Theatre Company, giving The Man Who Was"; Mr. George Alexander in "A Scrupulous Man," being supported by Mr. E. Vivian Reynolds, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mr. Robert Horton, and Mr. Stanley Broughton. The potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet" was also given by Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Mary Rorke, and Miss Helen Leyton. There were also contributions, vocal and otherwise, by Maurice Farkoa, Lewis Waller, Haydon Coffin, Miss Gladys Marsden, and G. P. Huntley, but the chief feature of the matinée was Mr. J. B. Fagan's "Shakespeare v. Bernard Shaw," and the array of talent appearing is shown in the following cast:

The Judge	Mr. James Welch
William Shakespeare *Plaintiff*	Mr. Cyril Maude
George Bernard Shaw *Defendant*	Mr. Edmund Maurice
Sir Rufus Wisquer *Counsel for Plaintiff*	Mr. Henry Kemble
Mr. Shanks ... ... *Junior ditto*	Mr. Graham Browne
Mr. Jill ... ... *Counsel for Defendant*	Mr. Charles Allen
Mr. Branbound ... *Junior ditto*	Mr. Henry Ainley
Mr. Dudal ... ... *Solicitor for Plaintiff*	Mr. Holman Clark
Mr. Cheeke ... ... *Solicitor for Defendant*	Mr. Gillie Farquahar
Counsel for Actor Managers' Association	Mr. Fred Kerr
Foreman of the Jury	Mr. O. B. Clarence
Witnesses for Plaintiff	Miss Winifred Emery; Mr. George Alexander; Mr. Lewis Waller
Witnesses for Defendant	Miss Irene Vanbrugh; Miss Annie Hughes
Lady with Dog ...	Miss Helen Ferrers
Dog	The Marchioness of Queensberry
Lady without Dog	Miss Elisabeth Kirby
Usher	Mr. F. Percival Stevens
Clerk of the Court	Mr. R. Mackie
Constable A ...	Mr. Dawson Milward
Constable B	Mr. Charles Bryant

At the Tivoli on Monday Miss Alice Hollander, who is the latest recruit on the music-hall stage, started her engagement there with songs Madame Liza Lehmann has composed for this occasion. This handsome and clever young lady, who is the fortunate possessor of a voice of great compass and quality, sang, it will be remembered, with great success in "Sergeant Brue" at the Strand Theatre lately. Miss Hollander is an Australian, and has been on tour with Madame Melba, Madame Adelina Patti; also Messrs. Kubelik and Gerardy.

Mr. Joe Elvin has produced at the Empress Theatre of Varieties, Brixton, this week, his new, successful farcical sketch "Out All Night," a lesson to married men. The programme included Clark and Hamilton, Tom Costello, Sable Fern, Daisy James, Harry Pleon, and many other stars. At the Canterbury Alec Hurley's new musical scena, "The Coster's Beanfeast," is deservedly scoring a huge success. It is a capital production full of pretty scenes and songs and dancing. The programme is an excellent one all round.

A strong argument in favour of a Musical Copyright Act is furnished by the death of Mr. J. F. Willetts, called the "Music Pirate King" (a name which has quite a Gilbert and Sullivan ring about it), by the fact that the widow of Mr. F. L. Moir, the composer of "Down the Vale," is left in poverty, while Mr. Willetts made a fortune by the piracy of famous songs. It is stated that tens of thousands of such popular songs as "The Lost Chord," "Star of Bethlehem," "The Holy City," and "Down the Vale" have been sold.

Showing the advance made in music-halls, a contemporary gives an amusing anecdote of what occurred only a few years ago. A ballad singer dressed in tights was singing "The Holy City" at a London hall when someone pointed out to the proprietor the bad taste for anyone to sing about "the new Jerusalem" while wearing such a dress. "Why not?" he said. "Oughtn't I to know all about Jerusalem? It's in Palestine, isn't it?" "No," was the reply; "the one referred to in the song is, in fact, Paradise." "Oh, I thought it was another name for Johannesburg!"

Mr. Arthur Roberts will shortly be heard in the West-end in three special numbers which have been written for him by Mr. Harry Adams, who for more than twenty years has provided the great comedian with some of his most successful sketches. Mr. Adams has also supplied Miss Lottie Lovell with acting songs, in conjunction with Mr. Peter Conroy.

Sir Henry Irving has decided to run "Becket" a week longer, owing to the great success of his season at Drury Lane; we may also remind our readers that a matinée of "Becket" will be given this Saturday afternoon in place of the evening performance.

At the Court Theatre on Monday afternoon, Miss Rosina Filippi produced an adaptation of Rhoda Broughton's novel, "Belinda;" the part of Professor Forth being undertaken by Mr. William Farren, junr., David Rivers by Mr. Ashton Pearse, Belinda by Miss Irene Rooke, and George Bellairs by Mr. Desborough.

Tuesday, the 23rd inst., is the date selected by Miss Tita Brand for the first performance at the Shaftesbury of a version of the German play "Renaissance"; besides Miss Brand the cast will include Miss Marie Brema, Miss Cora Busch, who was seen in the recent revival of "Everyman," Miss Lydia Busch (these ladies are nieces of Madame Brema), Mr. J. H. Barnes, and Mr. Hubert Carter.

The same date, the 23rd, will also witness the fiftieth performance of "Hamlet" at the Adelphi, and Mr. Otho Stuart has prepared a souvenir for the occasion, consisting of an album containing four photogravures executed by Mr. J. Waddington and representing Mr. H. B. Irving as the Prince, Miss Lily Brayton as Ophelia, Mr. Oscar as the King, and Mrs. Tree as the Queen. Mr. Tree is at the seaside at present, recovering from an attack of influenza but sends a message to the effect that he will be able to resume his place next Monday at the Adelphi.

On Monday Sir Henry Irving will revive "The Merchant of Venice," playing, of course, Shylock; Portia will be undertaken by Miss Edith Wynne Mathison who has on tour played the part with Sir Henry Irving. "The Merchant" will be given for ten nights and two matinées.

Madame Modjeska, the famous Polish actress, who recently visited New York from her Californian home, has been interviewed on the question of the stage as a career for women. "I don't blame girls for going on the stage," she said to the representative of the *Tribune*, "although I don't encourage it. Even without talent they stand one good chance—they may marry a rich husband!

"I never encourage young women to go on the stage unless they show marked talent. It is such a hard career for a woman unless she is talented. How can I tell whether they are talented? Oh, talent is a mystery! It is indescribable. Sometimes it is made of great suffering, sometimes of great joy. Most great actors are born—they act because they can't help it.

"However small the part a girl is playing, I can always tell if she has talent. Partly it lies in the power to imitate. With good powers of mimicry, a good voice, and a pretty face, a girl can usually make her way on the stage, though not, of course, to the highest art. Every actor has to begin by imitating somebody else. It requires exceptional talent to know what to do without being told. So one has to be taught, the same as in any other art."

THE PROMPTER.

Photo, Bassano.

A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF MISS MABEL GREEN, now appearing in "The Little Michus" at Daly's Theatre, London.

Photo, London Stereoscopic

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY as "Hamlet," in which character he appears at the Lyric Theatre, London.

Photo, Campbell Gray

Mr. Walter Passmore as the Comic Hamlet at London Coliseum.

Pen Portraits

YOU THIS TIME

VIM AND ENERGY GONE!

From the back of the neck, right up and over the brain to the forehead—that's where the pain is, isn't it? It's a headache of the first magnitude; a headache that takes all the vim and energy out of mind and body. It's hopeless for you to try and throw it off—it's no use taking drinks to "liven you up." Better give in and get the right remedy. How can you work, or read, or talk, or smoke, or do **anything** when every heart-beat is like a thunder-clap in your brain? The cause of the mischief is constipation. If you had looked after your bowels, things wouldn't have come to this pass. Effete matters have been absorbed into the blood for lack of healthy action of the bowels, and the brain is suffering from that vitiated condition of the "vital stream." Now ask yourself squarely, "What is wanted?" Surely it is something to cleanse the bowels first and the blood after. That's just what Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills will do, almost at the first dose; then that terrible headache will go, and you will be yourself again. Any Chemist sells them at 1/1½ and 2/9. The genuine Scott's Pills are in a green wrapper; remember that Every pill in the box is a death-blow to headaches, so keep them always handy. Such a pity to suffer when there's no need.

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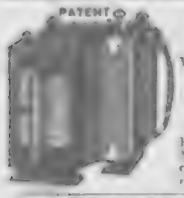

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A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

READ THIS FIRST.

John Steel, a docker, and his family are turned into the street by an alien landlord. Steel joins an unemployed anti-alien procession and collects for the funds. Lieutenant Richard Grenville (commanding H.M. Destroyer *Kennet*), who is standing on the pavement with his newly-made bride, to whom he has just been secretly married against her father's wishes, drops a sovereign into his box, and, with profuse thanks, Steel passes on.

A riot takes place, started by a foreigner, and Grenville is arrested for assault, and the hordes from London's slums swarm in the streets.

A discussion between one Captain Roon and Captain Mahler shows all Germany's plans for an invasion. Mahler visits the Ambassador, who sends him with a code telegram to the Kaiser. An answer comes back. That answer contains but one word: "Strike!"

And they strike. London becomes a great battlefield, and the Bank of England is captured.

Meanwhile German transports, disguised as liners, are making for Dover. Grenville sinks one and makes some prisoners.

THE FIRST MARCH OF THE INVADERS.

Not far from Malton, on the line of march of the invaders, was the little house in which John Steel's wife and child were staying. Steel had hurried them into the North to be out of harm's way, and here they were, in greater peril than they would have been if they had stayed in London. The house was a pleasant little building on the roadside, surrounded by a garden and trees, and fenced in with bushes that had been carefully trained and tended for years. It was the home of John Steel's brother, a man who from the position of mill hand had risen to that of overlooker and then to manager.

The brother, on hearing the wild reports of an advancing enemy, had rushed forth to test their truth, leaving his only child, a sturdy boy, at home with John Steel's wife, who had her own baby in arms. While the father hastened on and learnt too late the awful truth, the boy played at soldiers in the sitting-room. He played with a simple wooden sword and a cheap wooden engine, which came from the land of the invaders. A little cot was on the floor, and John Steel's wife had entered the room to put the sleeping infant to rest when she heard the sound of marching. She looked out of the window, and saw that the road was filled with foreign soldiers.

Before her startled senses could understand what was happening the house was surrounded, the garden was trampled out of all semblance of beauty, the fences were uprooted, and the little plot behind the house, in which vegetables were grown, was depleted of every particle of food by human locusts.

Merciless soldiers stamped into the dwelling, their iron-shod boots thudding metallically on the bare stone passage. There was the clank of rifles and of swords and bayonets, for officers as well as privates struck at every likely hiding-place with their weapons.

Two gigantic soldiers, the incarnation of a system which has been robbed of all human pity, burst into the trim and well-kept room. They were Germans, whose feeling now, as it had always been, was one of unreasoning and rancorous hatred of the English and Great Britain, and who wrecked their vengeance on everything that came within their power. Theirs were amongst the rifles which, not two miles away, had destroyed the manager and others with him, who had dared to defy the enemy to do his worst and had refused to yield or answer questions. One of them, ignoring the woman and the children, now strode to the cupboard in a corner, and ransacked it of its stores for the commissariat—part of the well-arranged system of living on the land which they were meaning to cripple and subdue, if not control.

While the fellow plundered unmolested, his companion, who spoke a little English, furiously turned upon John Steel's wife, with clenched fists, asking questions which she could not answer, and would have been too terrified to answer even if she had understood them.

He made a threatening advance, and she stepped back with a low cry of fear.

Instantly the little fellow sprang in front of her and raised his weapon.

"You—who are you?" he cried. "Don't touch my auntie—an' don't you dare to touch my little girlie. Stand back!"

By way of answer the soldier, brutalised by the military system of his country, savagely crushed the cradle with a ruthless foot, and the boy, with his toy sword drawn, dared him to come on and fight. They were the last words he spoke, for with a swinging sweep of his huge fist, the German crashed the sword to splinters, and striking the little fellow on the temple, sent him lifeless to the floor.

Then he strode forth into the open air—a conqueror!

This was war—this the price of making it possible for the enemy to come into our midst!

The general officer commanding the invaders was more than pleased with his success. Already his renown at home was established, and he was assured of the remembrance of his countrymen as a military hero. He asked for nothing better.

"To-morrow we shall fight our first battle with the regular troops of Britain," he said. "It will be here." He opened an ordnance map—not an English work, but a detailed German preparation, and pointed to Barton Hill. He laughed. "It is strange," he said, "but I have actually witnessed fight at this place between English troops. Let me see, it is—yes, ten years ago, and I was present as the guest of a famous general officer in the North-Eastern district. He was, in his way, a good soldier; but he was bored, and said the exercise was valueless. 'And also,' he said, 'I must certainly be back in York early, because I am dining with the Archbishop.' He did not know what they were doing, and the troops did not, but they were all very merry, and I remember that on the return journey to the city a young man of very distinguished birth was rolled on the floor of one of the carriages and his brother sat on the hat-rack and sang a comic song. And all the time while they were so careless I was mapping out just such a battle as we are now about to fight."

The general drew himself up and issued orders to the staff officers round him. "I shall remain here and wait an attack," he said. "Our arrival must be already known to the officer commanding at York, and I have taken care that he shall be misinformed as to our strength. He is a courageous soldier, and a violent patriot, and will hurl his whole force against us so that we may be destroyed or driven back. And now, gentlemen," concluded the speaker solemnly, "some of you may say your pray and bid farewell to life, because are to meet troops who, with all t faults, are brave men. And the no foe more terrible than the who is fighting for his fatherland his own country's soil." He sp gravely, and for the first time a fe of depression possessed his follo But the feeling vanished quickly was speedily forgotten in the stre excitement of making ready battle.

The invaders halted and bivoua standing to arms, with the except of a strong brigade of infantry w was detached and sent round by South-East, to turn again south Strensall and cut off the retreat of t enemy in case he should survive shock of meeting the invader.

It was still early in the after when scouts returned to the ge and reported that a movement force was being made against The entire garrison from Strensall York was in motion but it pitifully weak body. At the be number of the troops was small, now, many of the officers and being absent on leave and furlou was a mere skeleton army. Ther one regiment of cavalry—light cav a famous corps renowned for its s ness on parade and its valour field—there was a brigade of artillery, three battalions of re infantry, three battalions of M and half-a-dozen battalions of V teers, forming two brigades, w were under canvas for the a training. The Militia and Volun were left behind to hold the camp the city, and keep open the commun tions, only the regular troops hurried off to meet a contin which even now seemed incred But there was no denying the da no ignoring the fact that in spit all the theorists' an invasion had actually attempted and succe achieved.

When the news of the advance reached General Garston, the commanding the North-Eastern Di he was on a leisurely visit friend who lived outside Yo retired flag-officer whose 'me seldom dwelt on naval matter whose days were spent in the de study of horticulture.

The intelligence was brought by admiral's groom, driving from Y his master's dog-cart, and was upon the two officers by him a were seated in an open summer in the garden, basking in the sun

For a few seconds they were sp less with astonishment, then general laughed and the laughed, after which the sternly reproved his man for being

Photo, Brundl.

THE "PEARLY" KING of Somers Town and his wife: This suit is decorated with 4900 pearl buttons; the waistcoat has 1500, trousers 1500, belt 700, straps 500, and the cap 700, making the above total.

HERRMAN THE HEALER, who is now appearing at the Shepherd's Bush Empire.
He claims that with his electrical apparatus, which cost £3600, he has cured thousands of hopeless cripples whom medical men have given up. His most astounding act is the taking of 10,000 volts of electricity into his body. He invites anybody suffering from any disease whatever to come and be cured free of cost. Herrman is the only man who can claim to have hypnotised people through the telephone, simply by the magic of his voice.

"It's the gospel truth, sir," said the man earnestly. "I've heard with my own ears things that I never want to listen to again, an' I've seen with my own eyes 'at the railway's in such a queer state as the company never reckoned on. There's talk of destroyin' it so's the Germans can't use it. But things are that wild an' mixed there's nothing to be made out of 'em."

The general rose. "You will spare your man to take me back to York?" he said quickly. "Whatever has happened, it is serious, and I must return."

"Certainly," replied the admiral. "I would go myself, but I am crippled by rheumatism, and am a useless hulk. But, mark my words—invasion is utterly impossible. The Navy——"

But the general had already climbed into the cart. "Now," he said curtly, "go for Strensall camp as hard as you can travel."

He was driven furiously across the country and alighted at the camp, to find the entire area in orderly commotion with the gathering of troops. The general saw that his second-in-command, on his own initiative and responsibility, had paraded the garrison, and that already it was almost fit to march, with the ammunition for the guns and the small arms served, and a full day's rations for the troops.

General Garston was a strange figure as he listened to the astonishing and confused reports which were presented to him. On his head was a cloth cap, round his neck was a coloured collar, with a red, white, and black cravat, at the sides of which could be seen a dark grey flannel shirt. He wore a slabby Norfolk jacket, with knee breeches, thick stockings, and small brown leggings over black boots—a curious, almost grotesque spectacle, but in that time of turmoil and excitement his appearance was unnoticed, nor was any comment made when, in the same garb, he mounted a horse and assumed command of the force which, by his own order, was advancing to meet the invader.

"A rapid, rushing blow is, I am sure, the best step to take," he had said, and the hurried council of war had fully agreed with him. There was not, indeed, an officer or man who thought differently, for an indefinable thrill had pervaded all ranks and filled every soul with a burning eagerness to come to close quarters with the enemy who had been bold and cunning enough to invade England.

On every hand were heard deep threatenings of the fate which awaited any foreigner who should be taken; but these arose not from mere bloodthirstiness—only from an intense patriotism, which in some cases might have been slumbering, but which the spark of the rousing alarm of invasion had caused to burst into an intense and consuming flame.

The defenders were marching eagerly along the high road, and the general was about to order a halt and consult his staff as to his method of assaulting the position in which the enemy, according to report, was established, when a distant flash was seen. In a few seconds a faint boom was heard, and there was a shrill scream overhead.

"The ball has opened," said the general, with a little laugh. "That is artillery fire—and they are getting the range pretty well, too." As he spoke a second flash was seen and another scream was heard, followed instantly by a fierce crash and the more terrible cries of human beings, for the shell had burst in the midst of a company of infantry, and its fragments had strewn the ground with slain and wounded men.

In a moment the defenders were seized with what seemed like hopeless panic. Officers shouted hoarsely and soldiers rushed helplessly about. Horses plunged and reared madly, and some broke loose and galloped furiously away from the column, scattering over the commonland, and a few dashing blindly towards the unseen enemy.

But the momentary panic was checked, and the guns were unlimbered and brought into action, and the still air became deafening with the crash and boom of an artillery duel.

While this preliminary warfare was at its height there was an ominous offensive movent by the invaders, and the general's stout spirit sank, for he realised that he was hopelessly outnumbered.

Even now, watching from his glasses on a little hillock on which, with his staff, he had taken up his position, and from which he directed the battle, he saw that his foes exceeded him by at least three to one. Their artillery was, he recognised, at least equal to his own, their infantry, too, would be as good, and he knew that the spirit which animated every invader was as desperate as that which filled his own soldiers.

Even then, when a glance seemed to show that all hope of a victory was lost, and that at the most his efforts would result in self-preservation, the general could not repress a feeling of perfect satisfaction, for he saw that his own handful of thoroughly-trained cavalry was a detail which was lacking in the invaders' force. He ordered the regiment to retire to a sheltered spot behind a ridge, and the commanding officer to hold himself in readiness for the instant execution of any order which was sent to him. The cavalry accordingly withdrew, with the loss of a handful of men from another exploding shell.

It was clear that the defenders could not assume an offensive movement—indeed, the general was deciding that he would fall back towards the camp which he had left, or even as far as the city, when he saw that the invaders were advancing. His compact army was thrown out in a fan shape, and was coming on to enfold the defenders in its wide encircling arms. And all the time its advance was covered by the ceaseless fire of its artillery—a fire which was both demoralising and destructive, and on which the return gun-fire seemed to be inoperative and worthless.

Steadily and remorselessly the German infantry advanced. It was a magnificent machine, and worked sullenly in defiance of the losses which as it approached were inflicted upon it by the telling artillery and a destructive rifle fire from selected marksmen. For the present, by imperative orders, a general fire was withheld.

(To be continued.)

"MY SWEET WILD ROSE."

One of the beautiful scenes which are shown on the screen at the Coliseum during the singing, by Mr. Allan Morris and the choir, of "My Sweet Wild Rose," out of Pearson's Sixpenny Series of Music.

The MIMOSA TRIO OF DANCERS, who are now touring the Moss Empires.

Photo, Campbell Gray.

Mlle. Recsey with her Russian Greyhounds at the Palace Theatre, London. Her horses go through some evolutions that show the last word in horse-training. The dogs jump a wall twelve feet high on the stage.

A CAPITAL TIN BELLOWS has just been brought out by KEATING, it blows the KEATING'S POWDER into the crevices and haunts of Beetles and Cockroaches—they come out, die, and can be swept up. Kills Nits in children's heads. Price, filled, 9d., of all chemists, or free for stamps.—KEATING Chemist, London.—[ADVT.]

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

The Leghorn Fowl.

The Leghorn owes its origin to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea; but the variety was introduced into America some thirty or forty years ago, and has reached England *via* the States. Fowls of the same type are to be found in fairly large numbers in Northern Italy, and on the Continent of Europe they are called Italians. The whites are a comparatively recent introduction, but, like all the other sub-varieties, they are noted for their excellent laying qualities, combined with their hardiness. They can be reared and kept in the smallest of spaces with great advantage. The browns, the most popular kind, are much like the black-red game in colour, the cock's hackle being of a golden bay with a fairly broad stripe of black running down the centre, the back a very deep red, the wings a deep bay with a bar of a beautiful bluish violet, the breast and under parts a glossy black, and the tail a rich greenish-black. The hen should have a salmon-red breast, the hackle of a golden tint, each feather striped with black, the body colour being a light brown finely pencilled with black. The duck wings are divided into two colours, the gold and the silver.

The Suffolk Punch.

The activity shown by the Suffolk Horse Society in the late nineties is evidently bearing good fruit. The special efforts made of late have been quite as much in the direction of laying a foundation upon which to build in the future as in pushing the Suffolk horse into districts where he might with advantage be better known. The fact is, in commercial parlance, the affairs of the Suffolk horse had been allowed to dwindle so low that there was little or no spirit left for further enterprise. In other words, the most was not made of the opportunities which years ago presented themselves of keeping this class of animal well abreast of other breeds, a position which it fairly earned for itself when the present century was very young. The records of the Royal and other important shows, indeed, indicate pretty clearly that the Suffolk Punch really led the van in the early days of exhibitions of the kind; and if the same energy and unity of purpose had been exercised in the way of following up the first successes which were brought to bear later on in bringing other breeds into prominence, then there might not have been the necessity which has now made itself felt for devising plans with the view, amongst other things, of encouraging more extensive breeding and rearing of high-class Suffolks, especially on the part of smaller farmers. The value of the stallions for crossing purposes has long been recognised, and hence numbers of noted sires have gone to Russia and other countries for that special purpose. The demand there at the present time for fine, upstanding geldings, greatly in excess as it is of the supply, affords pretty good evidence of a wide field of operations on the lines laid down by the Suffolk Horse Society, chiefly at the instigation of its President, Sir Cuthbert Quilter.

Breeding Stock in the Poultry Yard.

Naturally, all breeders who only hatch a limited number of eggs have difficulty in collecting enough good hens, hence the quality of these matrons is often far below what it should be. As a rule, about an equal number of both sexes is hatched; but as only one cock is required to, say, every six hens, a much more rigid selection can be made among the former. Good old hens, which have perhaps bred winners, should never be discarded, however, and if they are kept on for several years until they can be replaced by really better descendants, the scarcity of good females will only be felt for the first season or two after the establishment of a yard, and is an imaginary rather than a real trouble. Even if a hen goes off in colour, &c., as so many individuals in the buff and other varieties do as they advance in years, she will still be likely to breed chickens as good as she herself was at her best; but they will, of course, inherit the tendency to "go off" like their mother. "Lasting" properties—the retention of the desirable qualities over a series of years—are no doubt as strongly hereditary as any other peculiarity; and although it is by no means advocated that these

faded flowers should be bred from if better material is available, yet they should certainly not be discarded too hastily in favour of inferior birds until the breeder is quite sure that he can do better without them.

Small Cattle.

A correspondent residing near the South Downs, who is farming for a hobby, asks me for particulars of the Dexter Kerry cattle, which he has been advised to keep, not exactly as dairy animals, but as a breed with which he is likely to do well in the show ring and the market. At most of the big exhibitions liberal classification is given to the variety; they will be found to be remunerative from a sale point of view, and although small they are very hardy and capital milkers, although not equal to the Jersey or other Channel Island breeds. As regards establishing a herd, my correspondent should experience no difficulty in accomplishing that, and he will certainly not need to go far for stock, drafts from herds being regularly advertised for sale in such papers as the *Live Stock Journal* and the *Mark Lane Express*.

Cleaning Feathers.

We will suppose that a considerable quantity of feathers has been collected and stored for a short space of time, and the owner desires to preserve them permanently for use, that the large coarse feathers have been removed, and that the weather is fairly dry. Place the feathers in a large wooden tub—the shape known as a "washing tray" is the best—and pour over them a sufficient quantity of lime water to cover them to a depth of several inches when soaked. The lime water should be prepared by adding quick-lime to water in the proportion of a pound to a gallon, stirring, allowing it to settle until clear, and syphoning off the solution. When the feathers are thoroughly wet, stir and knead them in the lime water, and leave them undisturbed for two or three days. Next pour off floating impurities by tilting the tub, and drain the feathers carefully in a sieve or upon a wire frame. Plunge them repeatedly into water, both warm and cold, and dry upon stretched nets of a mesh large enough to permit the feathers to fall through when shaken in process of drying. Moderate heating will complete the evaporation of moisture. Feathers so treated will be free from oil.

Feeding Ducklings for the Table.

The best food on which to rear ducklings from the shell to killing is finely-ground oats and milk. The birds should be kept on a well-shaded and good grass run. They will grow well on barley-meal and sharps scalded with broth made from butcher's scraps; rice (boiled just to bursting the grain) with skim milk; and as much spinach and lettuce as they will eat. About the sixth or seventh week of their existence they should be penned in a shed on clean straw for two or three weeks, and kept dark and quiet. Supply them with a dish of fresh water. Feed them on fattening meal, barleymeal, rice, Sussex or Kent ground oats, buckwheat, and ground meat mixed and scalded into a mash, not too sloppy, with the hot liquor in which any scraps of meat have been boiled; put a little salt in, and give as often as is necessary, generally four times a day. See that they clean up all at each meal. Instead of ground meat, "greaves" or tallow-scrap (the refuse from tallow chandlers' factories) is often used by large fatters, and boiled horse-flesh is sometimes given; either of these, mixed with meal, makes a rich, heavy food, and to help the system to stand it the common nettle is added to and boiled with it. The ducklings should be let into their yards only three times a day (7 a.m., noon, and 5 p.m.), when they may be fed and their "beds" shaken up. While out they should have some green food, which will prove beneficial. At this period, too, allowing them lumps of raw fat and suet rolled into the form of pellets makes them very tender, and gives the flesh a rich, mellow flavour. Remember that ducklings do not require much exercise when they are put up for the table, and they should not, therefore, have swimming water.

WASTED FOOD.

The return issued last week of stores and supplies despatched to South Africa during the war, and destroyed locally, is melancholy reading. About 900 tons of preserved meat were thus wasted, two million and a half rations of meat and vegetable rations, to say nothing of 130,000 lb. of ham, 30,000 lb. of bacon, 680,000 lb. of oats, and upwards of three-quarters of a million of emergency rations. These were all destroyed, either owing to the "length of time they had been in the country or from want of storage accommodation, or climatic influence," or "deterioration." Besides this, more than seven million rounds of small-arms ammunition were condemned and broken up on return to this country, having been rendered unserviceable through the conditions of active service. In all cases the loss was borne by the public.

Silhouette Competition

FIRST PRIZE: A MOTOR-BICYCLE.

EVERYONE is familiar with the photographs of prominent men and women; they may be seen in shop windows, or on picture postcards, or in the illustrated papers. Most readers, too, are as familiar with the pose of the sitter as with the photograph itself. Such readers will, therefore, find a keen pleasure in identifying the well-known people whose silhouettes appear on this page.

All you have to do is to write clearly in ink underneath each of the silhouettes the surname of the man or woman you believe it to be. If there are two people of the same name you must put the Christian name as well.

Do not hesitate to compete, even though you may not be able to name all the pictures each week. Other competitors may not be so clever as yourself.

No alterations may be made in the names. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross out the name and write it again.

Only one name must be written under each picture.

When you have filled in all the names and the coupon below, cut out this announcement, and ***keep it by you until the rest of the silhouettes have appeared.*** Full instructions will be given as to sending in your attempts.

The prize of a 'Centaur" motor-bicycle will go to the competitor from whom the Editor receives the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions, and other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion. The published decision is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on that understanding.

(7.)

Name .....

(8.)

Name .....

(9.)

Name.....

(10.)

Name.....

Name .....

Address .....

"P.I.P." May 20, 1905.

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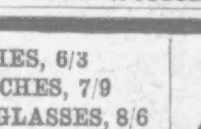
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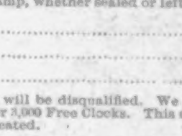
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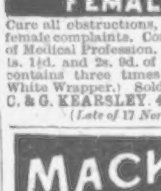
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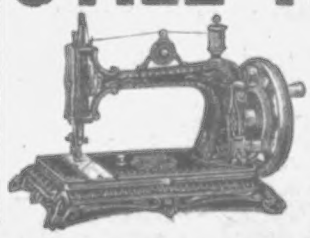
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